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Comment Of The Day

EXCESSIVELY FINICKY?

Either Hongkong is cursed with an excessively finicky population—or else our public utilities are the worst in the world. This is the impression conveyed by newspaper correspondents at any rate. Probably the truth is that our utilities run by private enterprise are no worse than anywhere else. But as so many of our citizens have no chance of seeing others in action elsewhere they tend to be hypercritical.

But there is always the danger that utilities whether private or governmental will fall below standards which the public regard as adequate and desirable and nowhere is this likely to be more noticeable than in a monopoly which provides goods or services for mass use. A commission of inquiry is shortly to investigate whether Government should have some kind of control over electricity supply companies. We hope it is found necessary.

But there is an idea which Government should itself investigate and that is the establishment of a Public Utilities Supervisory Commission or Board of Appeal. Its job would be simply to keep an eye on the operations of the utilities and receive public representations. The utilities may object that this constitutes an unwarranted intrusion, but at least the public will have some chance of redress in the event of getting no satisfaction from the company concerned.

The Commission should consist of senior officials of the Colonial Secretariat and members of the public not connected with any utility acting as assessors. We feel that the public will not be rapidly overburdened with complaints, as newspaper correspondence columns suggest it would be. Many letters published over pseudonyms in newspapers tend to be irresponsible criticism which they would not be if the identity of the author were disclosed. Anonymous complaints would be ignored, as they generally are today.

The chief virtue of the Commission is that the complainant with a real grievance would be sure of having his case properly investigated by disinterested observers. We urge Government to set up something along these lines.

LAOS CRISIS MOUNTING

Hammaraskjold Calls Security Council Meeting

United Nations, Sept. 4.

An appeal from Laos for United Nations forces to quell "aggression" from Communist North Vietnam today caused the Secretary-General, Mr. Dag Hammaraskjold to cut short a Latin-American tour to deal with the mounting crisis.

And tonight he proposed that the Security Council be called into session on Sunday or Monday to discuss the appeal by Laos for United Nations forces.

Mr. Hammaraskjold will arrive back in New York from Brazil tomorrow afternoon. He had not planned to return until Sunday.

In a letter delivered here today, the Foreign Minister of Laos, M. Khampan Panya, formally requested the "prompt dispatch of an emergency force to halt aggression and to prevent its spreading."

He asked Mr. Hammaraskjold to "apply the appropriate procedure" to his demand—calling a meeting of the Security Council.

Surprise

Today's move apparently caught many delegations by surprise as envoys and their staffs were preparing for a relaxing weekend to celebrate the American Labour Day holiday.

The question immediately arose whether the 11-member Council might be called into session over the week-end. There was no word that the Laotian delegation had made contact with the Council President, Signor Egidio Ortiga of Italy, but the Charge d'Affaires of Laos, M. Thepachay Vilavong, was expected to see Mr. Hammaraskjold shortly after the Secretary-General's return tomorrow.

U.S. Concern

In Washington the State Department said today it had received "additional disturbing reports" from Laos and was giving them urgent study. At the same time, the Department spokesman, Mr. Lincoln White, declined to forecast United States reaction to the Laotian request for a United Nations emergency force, but recalled the consistent record of U.S. support for the Laotian Government.

Mr. White did not specify the contents of the disturbing new

reports which had reached Washington.

The New York Times reported today in a despatch from Sam Neua that Communist troops threatening that city had increased in strength to about 3,500 men in the last few days.

Vietminh Troops

Meanwhile Laotian Information Minister, Siouk Chammassak said today that it had been confirmed that Vietminh cadres were present in anti-Government Pathet Lao units, but he denied that a large-scale offensive had been launched by North Vietnam units alone.

He told a press conference that all posts along the right bank of the Nam Ma river had been captured, as well as several outposts in the region.

He said these Vietminh cadres directed a mortar fire, made operational plans and several, as peoples commissars, conducted propaganda.

He said that the Vietminh was providing food and munition for the rebels.

The Minister also gave a relatively detailed report on recent military operations in the region, during which he said both sides suffered considerable losses.—Reuter and AFP.

\$50 Award For Radar 'Realism'

London, Sept. 4. RAF Sergeant John O'Donoghue, 38, has been awarded £50 for an invention now in use with the RAF which adds more realism to synthetic training for air defence radar operators.

Announcing this here, the Air Ministry said the invention was still secret.

"Little can be said about it except that it allows pre-arranged pictures of a simulated attack on this country by enemy raiders to be projected simultaneously on to all radar screens in plotting rooms throughout a given defence area," said the Ministry.—China Mail Special.

Purdy Murder Trial Opens Next Week

London, Sept. 4.

Special arrangements for the press will be made when the trial of Guenther Fritz Podola on a charge of murdering Det-Sergeant Raymond William Purdy opens at the Old Bailey here next Thursday.

Sergeant Purdy was shot dead in the hallway of a block of flats in South Kensington on July 13.

The trial judge will be Mr Justice Edmund Davies, and Mr Maxwell Turner, Senior Treasury Counsel at the Old Bailey, will appear for the prosecution.

Podola, a 30-year-old German-born photographer, will be defended by Mr F. H. Lawton, QC.

So many reporters are expected to want to attend the trial that special press tickets will be issued by the clerk of the Court.—Reuter.

Typhoon Louise Hits Foochow

London, Sept. 4. Typhoon Louise today hit the Foochow area in Fukien province, with hurricane force.

The New China news agency, however, said "Neither breaching of dykes nor loss of boats has yet been reported."

The typhoon, now weakened to gale force, has veered to the northeast.

It brought heavy rains to the northeastern part of Fukien Province and water levels, especially along the coast and the lower reaches of the Min River, were rising, the agency added.—Reuter.

REWARD OFFER DECISION

The reward of \$30,000 offered by the Hongkong Police for information leading to the finding of Mr. Wong Yung-kan and to the arrest of the person or persons responsible for his disappearance expires today and is not being extended.

Investigations into the case are continuing, a Police spokesman said this morning. Mr Wong was reported missing—believed kidnapped—on June 19 this year, but despite a big search by Hongkong Police and Macao authorities and the offer of a \$50,000 reward by the family there has been no trace of him since.

Volcano Erupts

Tokyo, Sept. 4. The Weather Board said today Mount Minami-Dake in Sakurajima, southern Japan, had been erupting since morning. It had blown smoke between 7,000 and 11,000 feet into the sky. It was the volcano's biggest eruption this year.—Reuter.

Chinese Threat To Ladakh

Srinagar, Sept. 4. The head Lama of Ladakh, Khasak Bakla, said here tonight the Communist Chinese had told Ladakhis who managed to escape from Tibet that they intended to march into Ladakh in November.

In a signed statement, the Lama, who is also Minister of State for Ladakh Affairs in the Kashmir Government, pleaded for "adequate defence arrangements."

He said the Chinese had made no secret of their intentions to take possession of Ladakh "in the near future."—Reuter.

Visit To Troubled Border

New Delhi, Sept. 4. Senior Indian Army and Air Force officers have flown to the Indo-Tibetan border in Ladakh, Kashmir, for discussions with local commanders.

Although the defence of this border is the responsibility of a special police force called the Indo-Tibetan Border Defence Force, it was learned it might be taken over by the Army if the situation there worsened.—Reuter.

Stole Apples From Vicar

London. Three 14-year-old girls caught by a clergyman in his garden were each fined 2s 6d in the Juvenile Court here for stealing apples. The girls pleaded guilty to being in an enclosed garden for an unlawful purpose and to taking 12 apples. A detective told the court: "The girls climbed over a six-foot gate and into the orchard to prove to boys outside that they were the only ones bold enough to go into the vicarage."

Mr K's Peking Visit May Be World Communist Unity Meeting

Washington, Sept. 4.

The Soviet Premier, Mr Nikita Khrushchev's decision to visit Peking after his summit talks with President Eisenhower was seen here today as insuring that the Peking celebrations on October 1 would become a world Communist unity meeting.

Leaders of the other Communist nations now are sure to join Mr Khrushchev and Mr Mao in a Red summit meeting. Communist China celebrates its 10th anniversary on October 1.

Some experts saw Mr Khrushchev's announcement that he would stop in Peking as a well-timed propaganda gesture to the growing speculation of coolness between Moscow and Peking. Officials said Mr Khrushchev apparently wanted to make it clear on the eve of his U.S. visit that the Sino-Soviet alliance presented a solid front which could not be weakened by the Washington talks.

American officials have been speculating privately for several weeks that he might fly non-stop in his big TU-114 jet airliner directly from the United States to China.

NOT SURPRISED

American officials said they were neither surprised nor disturbed by Mr Khrushchev's demonstration of unity with his Chinese allies. The State Department has consistently discounted speculation of a significant rift between Moscow and Peking either now or in the foreseeable future.

One of Mr Eisenhower's main objectives in his talks with Mr Khrushchev will be to convince the Soviet leader that he should restrain Mao from aggressive threats and support of aggression by other Communist forces in Asia.

There is only very limited hope here that Mr Khrushchev will accept this advice. Nevertheless, Mr Khrushchev would be the most effective courier for any message or warning Mr Eisenhower would like to relay to Peking.—UPI.

ISOLATED HOUSE STILL STANDING

By OUR OWN REPORTER

The lonely cracking house on Des Voeux Road Central is still there this morning standing with more shoring on the front and western side where at least six cracks over 10 feet long and two inches wide have appeared since yesterday.

The building is No 27 Des Voeux Road.

The cracks indicate that the four verandahs, one on top of the other, are sagging dangerously. The front porch on the ground floor, the most dangerous spot, is now jacked up with steel scaffolding from ground to ceiling at least six feet. The shop on the ground floor is closed.

The four-storey building became an isolated building when houses on either side of it were demolished to make way for two skyscrapers.

A 'Club' For The Chaps

London, Sept. 4. The NAAFI canteen has officially been given a new name throughout the British Army—"The Junior Ranks Club."

A war office announcement yesterday said: "In future, the canteen and social centre is to be known as the Junior Ranks Club, and all ranks are to be encouraged to use the term 'club' rather than 'canteen'."

China Mail Special.

'ESCAPED MEN FOUND STILL IN CAMP

A lance corporal and two soldiers who escaped from military custody in a New Territories Army camp last night were re-arrested at 7.45 a.m. today, an Army spokesman told the China Mail.

The men were found by the duty sergeant still inside the camp perimeter.

The spokesman said it was not known where they spent the night.

The men, whose reported disappearance at 10.45 last night set off a big search by civil and military police, were awaiting court martial. The camp the men were in was Queen's Hill Camp, Sheung Shui.

Japanese Went Back To School With R.N.

London, Sept. 4. A Japanese Naval Officer who took part in the action in which the two British battleships, Prince of Wales and Repulse were sunk in 1941 today graduated from the Royal Naval Tactical School at Woolwich.

He served on destroyers during the action off the Malay coast in which the two British battleships were sunk following a series of aerial torpedo attacks. He also took part in other sea battles with British and allied ships.

He was 37-year-old Commander K. Saito, of Tokyo, a member of the Japanese Maritime Self-Defence Force. He was among naval officers from 10 countries who graduated from the course.

His comment on the course: "It has been a very interesting and helpful course. The Japanese Navy was based on the British Navy but there is still much we can learn."—Reuter.

SAVE MONEY ON BABY FOODS

A Kenwood Chef can pay for itself in a few months and will last a lifetime.

Baby foods are expensive. But with a Kenwood Chef you can make your own strained vegetables, meat and chicken, soups, pureed fruits and juices.

The cost of a Kenwood Chef (with liquidizer and mixer attachments) equals only a few months' supply of strained baby foods—so you can see a Chef pays for itself!

What's more, the foods you make for baby are fresher. And you can use the Chef to prepare excellent meals for the rest of the family as well.



AND THEY'RE FRESHLY MADE TOO WITH THE

Kenwood CHEF



BACARDI Carta Blanca RUM



"BACARDI COCKTAIL"
1 measure Bacardi Rum
Juice of 1/2 lime (or lemon)
2 dashes Grenadine Syrup
Shake well with cracked ice and strain.

Imported by: CALDBECK, MACGREGOR & CO., LTD.
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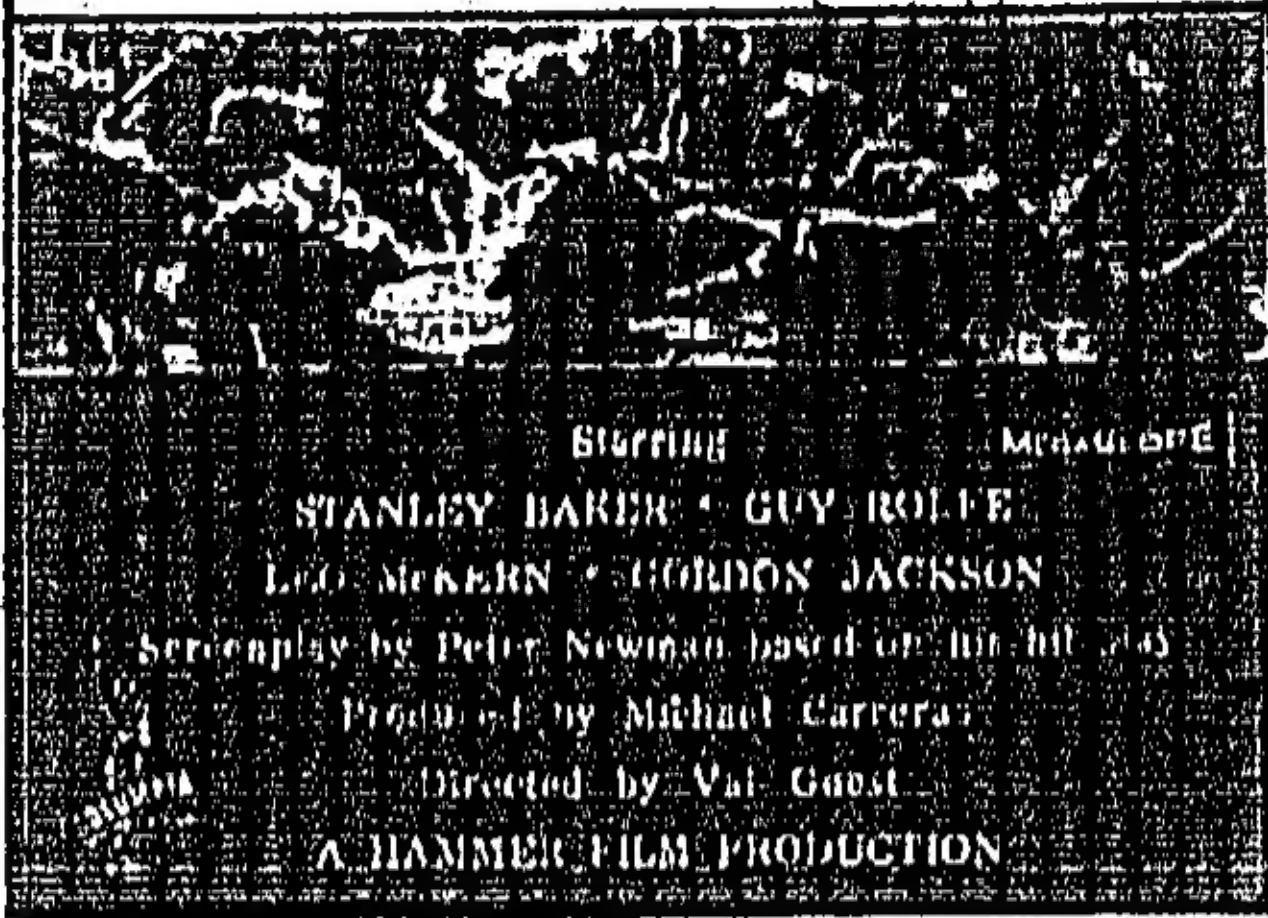
KING'S PRINCESS SHOWING TO-DAY

"Yesterday Enemy" is a great war film. It is remarkable for its stark, honest setting out of the moral dilemmas which must arise in war. And it is remarkable for its vivid portrayal of the courage and endurance of men struggling at close quarters against the enemy in the dense jungle of Burma.

Major-General W. E. V. Abraham, C.B.E.

Columbia Pictures presents

Yesterday's Enemy



STANLEY BAKER • GUY ROLFE

LEE MCKERN • GORDON JACKSON

Screenplay by Peter Newman based on his hit play

Produced by Michael Carrara

Directed by Val Guest

A HAMMILL FILM PRODUCTION

PRINCESS

WEEK-END MORNING & MATINEE SHOWS
At Reduced Prices

TO-DAY At 12.30 p.m. Columbia Pictures Present.
Frank Sinatra • Kim Novak • Rita Hayward in
"PAL JOEY" in Technicolor

To-morrow At 11.00 a.m. Warner Bros. Presents
"A VARIETY PROGRAMME
OF BUGS BUNNY &
PORKY TECHNICOLOR
"CARTOONS"

To-morrow At 12.30 p.m.
20th Century-Fox Presents
Pat Boone • Janet Gaynor
in "BERNARDINE" in CinemaScope & Color

"FREE "COCA COLA" to every patron in the Sunday morning and matinee shows

KING'S

SUNDAY MORNING & MATINEE SHOWS
At Reduced Prices

To-morrow At 11.00 a.m. "U-I COLOR CARTOONS"

To-morrow At 12.15 p.m. "DOCTOR AT SEA"

METROPOLE

SHOWING TO-DAY
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30
& 9.30 P.M.

Breathtaking Suspense To Chill The Blood!



Sunday Special Shows At Reduced Prices
11.00 a.m. TECHNICOLOR CARTOON PROGRAMME
12.30 p.m. Robert Taylor in "D-DAY, THE SIXTH OF JUNE"

Coming Your Way!



They are murderously FUNNY!

ORIENTAL MAJESTIC

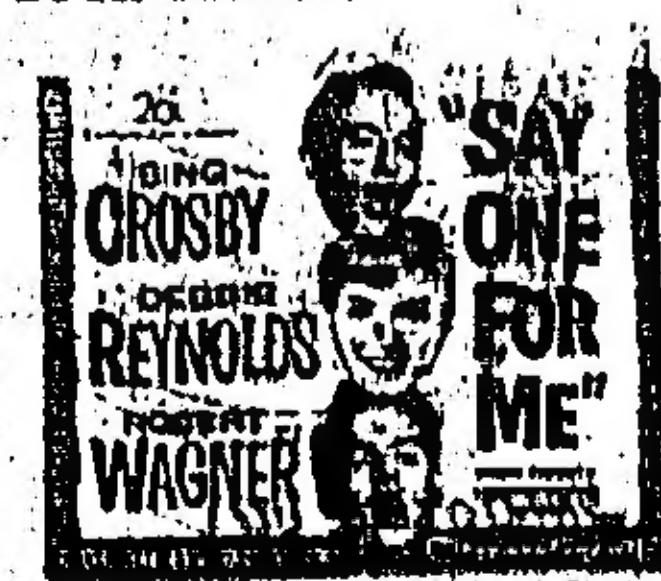
SHOWING TO-DAY
At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.

Drama that dares to deal with the explosive issue of race today!



Next change: "MATINEE"
Stereoscopic show Tomorrow 11.30
"THE DOOLIN OF OKLAHOMA"

THE ENTERTAINMENT THAT
RINGS ALL THE BELLS IN
YOUR HEART!



To-morrow Morning Show
"A PLACE IN THE SUN"

FILMS

CURRENT & COMING

by
ANTHONY FULLER



Young Brandon de Wilde breaks down and confesses to his father (Macdonald Carey), while the mother, unbelieving, stares aghast (Marsha Hunt) from "blue jeans."

"blue jeans" (Roxy and Broadway) is a good film, make no mistake about that. It accomplishes just what it sets out to do, to find an answer to this generation's problems. It shows, without ramming it down your throat, that the weakness of this age is the falling apart of family life.

Not that the film family is not a good one, it is, but every one lives their life apart, there is no getting together, no exchange of confidences, so that when young Brandon de Wilde meets real trouble, his mother pushes a book into his hand. The plot itself is as old as the hills. Boy and girl meet, they fall in love, he gets her into trouble... and what to do next?

de Wilde and Carol Lynley present a sensitive, sincere performance of the young people, too much in love, and afraid to tell their parents.

Macdonald Carey and Marsha Hunt as the parents, too insensitive and deliberately unaware that teenagers can have problems, hand in a performance that is identical with the average good parents of today.

This is my opinion. As a film, it is excellent for the three following reasons. First the cast. Every role is distinguished with infinite care so that not a single role is struck throughout the film.

This could easily occur at such a point when the crying lovers seek out a frisky doctor to perform an abortion. The film deliberately steers clear of horror. No blood, no ugly instruments, no dirty towels; and in avoiding these visual aids to horror, the film is much stronger.

The second point is the film sticks to its problem. No unnecessary asides with box office in mind are allowed to creep in. It is what you would call economy of statement, and the film rises to artistic heights by observing the first rule of narration.

Thirdly, the film's sincerity. It is obvious that the director, Philip Dunne, believes in the story he has tackled, and his talent is directed to transforming a good script into visual art. It is obvious also that he has convinced his cast and crew of the value of the story.

Naturally, I see the problem in a rather different light. I can recall with the greatest of ease that every generation has had its teenage problem.

Human nature does not change... but the problem seems new to every generation because of the external world. Young people, more, unfortunately, about the seamy side of life. I don't see what you can do about it. Looking them up at home solves nothing, that is running away from the problem.

Teaching sex at school is merely an excursion in anatomy. You don't become a moral person because you know more about the facts of life. This film shows also what every school teacher has known for years... it is always the other kids who are bad... "my kids... never."

And this film shows also that it is the home and the parents who are responsible. A child in a good home with a healthy environment has the strongest shield in the world against the dangers of adolescent irresponsibility.

It only remains to be said that every parent in the Colony must see this film, and if they have teenage youngsters, to take them along.

This column is no place to moralize, but I state dogmatically, that in this Colony, too many parents are spending too much time, having a good time.

A little of that time spent with their youngsters, gaining their confidence, will pay dividends.

It is not sufficient for a youngster to steer clear of trouble, they know too much about that here at any rate... the thing is to get out of life its richest rewards... and they lie with the family group.

★ ★ ★

"YESTERDAY'S ENEMY" (King's and Princess) is one film out of a million. Why do I say so? Because it dares to tell the truth about war. No, I do not mean "the rockets red glare" sort of stuff.

We've had that a million times over, and realize it is the battlefield that is the better. And we've seen the tough sergeant, and weepy rookie. But this film, "Yesterday's Enemy" gets under the skin. It shows the four rotating corridors of a man's mind when he goes to war. It dehumanizes him, and the more he has of it, the better soldier

he is; in fact, no great leader of armies can get along without it.

The setting for this drama is Burma, just after Pearl Harbour, Hongkong and Singapore have fallen.

Somewhere in the steaming jungle swamps are the remnants of a British brigade headquarters, cut off and hopelessly lost.

No doubt this film received the censor's thumbs down because it showed that British soldiers can be as cautious as any others. Of course they can; the only way to be a good soldier on the battlefield is to put away every chivalrous sentiment "you ever heard of sentiment?"

The "let me like a soldier fall" is as sickening as Victorianism. Shakespeare had it when he said, "Then imitate the action of the tiger."

For the battlefield is the jungle where you kill or get killed. The heroes belong to story books, and the gongs and bits of ribbons to accidents and desperation.

The problem facing Stanley Baker as the tough Captain Langford is this: he has to make a decision as to whether to follow the conventions of governments, or anything else of the sort.

What is a war crime? It is an action taken by certain officers in the interests of their duties, or orders from higher up. I purposely rule out the sadists who were given licence to indulge their own perverted instincts for the purposes of this argument.

No country that goes to war can keep its hands clean; that is the lesson of this film.

You dare not show pity, for pity is weakness; the man with mercy in his soul is soon the dead body on the battlefield. I could write myself out of this page for this film says everything. More powerful than "Bridge over the River Kwai", it

attempts nothing but the naked exposure of the minds of men at war.

Stanley Baker is magnificent as the officer in charge of an isolated group of soldiers fighting in the Burma jungle.

Backing him up, in the acting sense, is Guy Rolfe as the pacifist, kindly, high principled, a man who had to face war's most terrifying challenge, one, I must admit, I cannot understand to this day.

Leo McKern is a tough war correspondent, a kind of one man Greek chorus to the film, a bitter commentator and shredder of ideals.

High in the cast is Gordon Jackson as a sergeant who does not reason why there is his job, and he does it.

Among the Oriental actors is Philip Ahn as Major Yamazaki; he plays one very good scene opposite Stanley Baker during the British retreat from Burma in 1942.

The great thing about "Yesterday's Enemy" is its honest attempt to put war in its true perspective. It shows the British in a tough position fighting with the gloves off.

This is no drama of the stuff upper-lip school boys like to talk about; no romantic conclusions.

It kicks the heroes to hell out of the film, and allots death and fear, and hunger and misery, their rightful places. Above all, it shows the utter futility of war for victory, vanquished, and victim alike.

A truly wonderful film, with a message as urgent as a cablegram.

★ ★ ★

"THE ANGRY HILLS," (Hoover and Gala) is another war time story, but apart from an episode which shows how the inno-

cent become victims of war, it is a thriller.

It also points a moral, that it is sometimes too dangerous to know too much; at least, war correspondent Robert Mitchum finds it so.

Filmed in Greece, it gives us a very good idea of the background against which many of our former allies and later enemies, moved.

It shows too, how the British patrols moved into Greece to save what was left of her glory. Robert Mitchum, only anxious to get on with his job, finds himself (Hitchcock fashion) given a secret.

The possession of a secret with the Gestapo moving in is as good as a one way ticket to the cemetery, so Mitchum swallows it, literally preferring to carry the list of names in his head.

Which sets quite a price on his head!

Cloak and dagger stuff takes us quite a long way in "The Angry Hills" then suddenly we are brought up with a shock. Hostages are taken, and the scene is so terrifyingly real that we say it just can't happen. Then we remember it did happen.

There's charm in them that kills. Gila Scala and Elizabeth Mueller, both go along with the plot all the way, and it is as easily as the landscape. Stanley Baker is in this film too... this time as the Gestapo chief... and a really oily number is the collaborator, Theodore Bikel.

A thriller, a really good thriller.

You know, of course, that Nevil Shute's book, "On the Beach," has been filmed. This frightening, could be prophetic, tale of the last people left alive, and how they met their end, makes both a fine film, and a lesson in common sense for all the world.

The film's splendid thing about the whole affair is, it will be premiered simultaneously on December 17 in most of the capital cities of the world, including Moscow, Tokyo, New York, London, Paris, Brussels, Berlin, Rome, Madrid, Amsterdam, and Johannesburg, and Zurich.

Personally, I would like to see Gila and Ted Aviv on the list for Shute is an alarming prophet: (recall "No Highway") and he foresees the end of the world originating with the atom bomb in the hands of an irresponsible small power dictator.

Why is it that we rarely see some of the excellent short films that are being issued?

The film people in both the States and England should reckon that while Hongkong is some distance away, it is not so far that people are unable to take an intelligent interest in World Affairs.

Why, for instance, has the Rank Organisation, not permitted us to see "Operation Noah's Ark," one of the greatest short films ever made, which shows the harnessing of the Zambesi and the rescuing of the wild animals?

And why have Columbia withheld "Operation Universe," the Eastman Colour scientific documentary showing the harnessing of Atomic Power in England?

NEW FILMS AT A GLANCE

SHOWING

HOOPER & GALA: "The Angry Hills." A thriller set in war-time Greece, which has Robert Mitchum involved as an unwilling carrier of resistance secrets. Fast moving, with excellent background, with excellent casting. Also Stanley Baker; Elizabeth Mueller, and Gila Scala.

ROXY & BROADWAY: "blue jeans." Story of adolescent problems, which in turn become parents' problems. Told in decent straight-forward manner, making it a film with a "message" but intriguing plot to Carol Lynley, Brandon de Wilde, and Macdonald Carey.

METROPOLE: "Horrors of the Black Museum." Horror film which should carry X Certificate if such existed.

IN HONGKONG. Gruesome, yet interesting study of warped writer who murders for plots... and succeeds. Michael Group. CinemaScope and Eastman Colour.

LEE & ASTOR: "High Noon." The greatest of all Westerns. The film which set a new standard, and led to such films as "Shane". Gary Cooper and Grace Kelly.

KING'S & PRINCESS: "Yesterday's Enemy." A great war film which kicks out the heroes and shows just what war does to people. Set in Burma jungle, places Stanley Baker at tough British Captain, with the problem of his life. And how he solves it. Truly magnificent. Also Guy Rolfe; Leo McKern; and Gordon Jackson.

COMING

James and Brenda do Banale.

LEE & ASTOR: "Tiger Bay." Brisk well-directed film with an outstanding performance from Hayley Mills as a young friend of a murderer. A "must". Also John Mills and Horst Buchholz.

KING'S & PRINCESS: "All the Way Home." Bob Hope in a film that will have his fans roaring. Cost as "The World's Worst". Also Fred MacMurray; William Hopper; and Nina Fitch.

METROPOLE: "Too Many Crooks." British comedy stars in the "hit-wit" Terry Thomas stars. Also Sydney

Lee Astor

TEL. 22446 H.S. 0772

LAST 3 DAYS
DAILY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



NEXT CHANGE



COMING SOON



FRANKIE VAUGHAN ANNE HEYWOOD

Heart of a Man

ANTHONY NEWLEY

LEE: TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW

At 11.00 a.m. - M-G-M's COLOUR CARTOONS

At 12.30 p.m. "LOST IN A HAREM"

TEL. 22446 H.S. 0772

R O X Y & BROADWAY

★ SHOWING TO-DAY ★

At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

A story of lost innocence

and the solutions teenagers find for themselves!



blue jeans

CAROL LYNNLEY • BRANDON DE WILDE

MACDONALD • MARSHA HUNT

CINEMASCOPE STEREOGRAPHIC

BROADWAY: 5 Shows To-morrow, Extra Performance of

"BLUE JEANS" At 12.15 p.m.

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW • AT REDUCED PRICES

ROXY: At 12.00 Noon BROADWAY: At 11.00 a.m.

Dean MARTIN Jerry LEWIS

In "CADDY"

A Paramount Picture

LATEST FOX

TECHNICOLOR

CARTOONS

PROGRAMME

TEL. 72371 TEL. 52370

HOOPER GALA

SHOWING TO-DAY

AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

AMAZING ADVENTURE IN A VIOLENT LAND!

ROBERT MITCHUM

THE ANGRY HILLS

STANLEY BAKER

ELIZABETH MUELLER • GILA SCALA

Special Matinee At Reduced Admission To-morrow

Gala Theatre at 11.00 a.m.

Gala Theatre at 12.15 p.m.

Hopkins Theatre at 11.00 a.m.

Hopkins Theatre at 12.15 p.m.

Technical Cartoon Feature "ANIMAL FARM"

Frank Sinatra & Kim Novak in "PAL JOEY"

M-G-M presents COLOR CARTOONS

John Barrymore & Maureen O'Sullivan in "DAVID COPPERFIELD"

FLOORSHOWS by ROMAYNE & WADHAM

International Famous

Chorus Dancing Stars

NIGHTLY AT 10.30 P.M.

Music by

ISING CATHERMAN & HIS QUARTET

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HIGHLIGHTS FROM THE SATURDAY MAIL FOREIGN AND COMMONWEALTH NEWS DESK

'Petticoat Lane' People Won't Surrender Easily

FAMOUS MARKET FACES A CRISIS

By IAN ARNOLD

London.

Petticoat Lane, the 250-year-old open air market, is as much a "must" for tourists as Buckingham Palace, St Paul's, and other famous London landmarks.

Every Sunday morning they flock there in thousands, joining Londoners to buy at bargain rates or be entertained by the raucous barrowmen with their slick sales pitch.

Carried along in the tightly packed, slow-moving mass of humanity, they are piled with all kinds of merchandise from jumpers to jellied eels.

But now Petticoat Lane looks like losing its frothy froth.

'NEW LOOK'

A private company wants to dress it up in contemporary style by replacing the street stalls with a 300-shop arcade.

Cost of the "new look" will be about £200,000, and all that's needed now before work begins is final sanction of the building plans by London County Council.

But the 1,000 men and women traders, the characters who have helped to give the East End its colour, aren't giving in without a fight.

Primping the lane and putting them into shops would mean they would have to pay more than double their present rent of 50/- a week—a prospect that displeases them greatly.

But more important is their fear that the lane will lose its identity.

Recently, I went down to Petticoat Lane—or Middlesex Street as it is officially listed—to see what makes it tick.

Business was booming as usual and traders in between sales were solemnly assuring customers they were not going to be forced off the street.

Mr. Mike Stern, 60-year-old president of the Stepney Street Traders' Association, paused between selling towels and elder-downs to declare, "Petticoat Lane is far from dead. It'll take more than a few arcade shops to kill us off."

WON'T LEAVE

Nearby sat "Carl, the Cera Cure King," repainting his faded sign, "Proof shown here to any policeman."

"What, leave 'ere? Not likely. I don't want no shop. I like to be out where the people can see me," he said. "Besides, I like me fresh air."

Harry Jackson, a cosmetics dealer for 20 years, had this to say, "It won't do no good and a lot'll be out of work."

"But what's the good barkin' if you got no bliv?"

"What about the local Chamber of Commerce's complaint that gypsies were spoiling the market?" I asked.

Said Harry, "Gypsies 'ave come in. And they give the market a bad name, cheatin' the public with their mock auctions and shoddy goods."

"It's unfair to real traders. These run-ups give the place a bad name."

Solomon Fishman ("It's a Biblical name") paused between selling nylon to add his comment.

"It'll be a washout, a waste of time, a damp squib," he said. "It won't do the ordinary trader any good. This market is traditional. You can't monkey about with it."

And so it went on in Petticoat Lane, where it's claimed you can buy anything from a pin to an elephant, where much of the merchandise is stolen but nobody really cares, where Jew and Cockney tallies out about each other alongside imperishable Oriental selling silks.

In an hour there I saw more characters than I've seen in a month in Sydney.

There was the florid-faced little man demonstrating self-threading darning needles to an eager circle of men—all, presumably, bachelors seeking hope at long last for the sock problem.

There was Prince Monolulu, best known racing tipster in Britain, crouched in cocky style over the pavement, feathers stuck through a headband and a multicoloured cloak over his shoulders.

Suddenly he straightened up and split the air with his famous cry, "I gotta horse!"

There was a mad scramble as the crowd surged forward to get its name.

There was the itinerant sock salesman shouting from his "stand" in the middle of the street, "Ere's value. Three pair for five bob."

"Worth 30 bob in the shops. Matter of fact, that's where they were used last night."

The company planning to take over all this claims it will not destroy the traditional market.

"We intend merely to put it in more modern surroundings," a spokesman said.

But the traders say they will be destroying a part of London, a part they will not easily surrender.

POLIO MAN TO STRIKE AT CANCER

New York.

Dr Jonas Salk, the virus genius who developed the polio vaccine, has mobilised a team of 34 researchers to go after cancer.

It was revealed recently that Dr Salk has started from scratch in an attempt to solve the cancer mystery.

His present research is aimed at understanding the life of cells and viruses.

This is similar to the basic research by many scientists which had to precede the development of the polio vaccine.

Recently, Dr Salk wrote a medical article about cell growth, which caused a flurry of excitement when it was interpreted as foreshadowing a vaccine against cancer.

Dr Salk hurriedly warned that his work "has no practical significance now."

The bespectacled, 45-year-old researcher, who rose from obscurity to fame when his successful polio vaccine was announced to the world four years ago, is now screened against the small army of people who want him to solve their medical problems, lecture, write books or accept honorary degrees.

FOR SCIENCE

He lives almost like a recluse in his suburban Pittsburgh house with his wife and three children and spends more than 60 hours a week of his five-storey laboratory on the grounds of the University of Pittsburgh.

Not even his bank account has changed appreciably since he became one of the century's most celebrated scientists.

Dr Salk's cancer research dovetails into his current search for a reliable method of growing polio viruses with which to make Salk vaccine.

Polio viruses were now grown on monkey kidney tissues, which could be infected to yield good harvests of virus, said a staff member. But this re-

quired a continuing costly supply of monkeys to donate the kidneys.

Since animal or human cells could be kept alive and growing artificially in test tubes, the best method would be to establish such a line of cells and use them as the source for growing polio viruses.

But something happens to these continuously growing test tube cells to change their character.

Their relation to cancer is that cancerous cells in the human or animal body also grow continuously, losing their normal controls over growth.

Salk and his team are trying to answer these basic questions of differences between normal cells artificially in test tubes and cancer growth.

Workers at the University of Pittsburgh laboratory, now called the Jonas Salk Hall, claim they have the clearest field-marshal in the country in their attack on cancer.

SAFETY TEST

"Dr Salk has an amazing ability," said one scientist. "Give him a result sheet and he will immediately pick out what is wrong."

"Let him look at hundreds of test tubes, and if there is one that is not right, he will spot it."

He is also working on the possibility of producing vaccines to protect humans against viruses that attack nerves.

Dr Salk spent five years developing a vaccine that was safe and effective against crippling poliomyelitis and then followed two years of dramatic testing on humans, including his own children, before he would announce it to the world.

"It may take longer to conquer cancer," he says.

New Giant Telescope Would Probe Edge Of The Universe

Washington, Sept. 4. Scientists hope a mammoth radio telescope now being built will reveal the edge of the universe—if it has an edge.

If it hasn't, they hope for a glimpse of what lies beyond the incomprehensibly distant regions where the edge would be if it existed.

In any event, whether the universe is finite or infinite and whatever its geometry, astronomers fully expect their new radio eye to disclose a multitude of marvels.

These are almost certain to include additional colliding galaxies—vast systems of hundreds of billions of stars passing through each other in the as yet unplumbed reaches of space.

They may also include cosmic arenas in which clouds of matter and anti-matter are engaged in a war of mutual annihilation releasing floods of energy dwarf-

ling the violence of nuclear fission or fusion reactions.

The new radio telescope, largest of its kind ever designed, is being built by the Navy near Sugar Grove in a little valley of the West Virginia hills. It is expected to be in operation in 1962.

Its dish antenna will be 600 feet in diameter, far larger than the largest now in existence, the 250-foot radio telescope at Jodrell Bank in England, and surpassing a 350-foot instrument the Russians are said to be planning.

DIFFICULT TASK

Construction of the telescope is one of the most difficult engineering tasks ever undertaken. A spokesman for the Naval Research Laboratory said, "It's like asking Yankee stadium and putting it on a hanger."

In theory, the telescope will be able to peer many times farther into space than the 200-inch optical telescope at Mt. Palomar in California. The Palomar telescope gathers

light waves from the distant galaxies. Radio telescopes gather radio waves.

Great dust clouds block off vast segments of the universe to Palomar but are transparent to a radio eye.

It has been said that the Sugar Grove telescope will enable astronomers to determine which of a number of ideas about the size, history and future of the universe are correct.

It is just as likely, scientists say, to discover undreamed of new facts which will scamp all existing theories and force the building of brand new "models of creation."

The Palomar optical telescope can probe into space as far as two billion light years. A light year is the distance light, moving at 186,300 miles a second, travels in 365 days. This works out at about 5,800 billion miles. Our sun is only eight light minutes, about 93 million miles, away.—UPI.

Crocodile Test Works Both Ways

Canberra. Mr Robert Menzies, the Australian Prime Minister, was asked here if he would submit himself to a "crocodile test" to prove his good intentions.

The question was asked by Mr E. J. Ward, an opposition member in the House of Representatives, who told the Prime Minister that a candidate in the recent Malayan elections had bathed in a stream in the belief that good people went unharmed while bad people were eaten by crocodiles.

RUN AWAY

"Is the Prime Minister agreeable to my proposal that the report, complete with crocodile test," the Labour member, Mr Edward Ward asked.

Mr Menzies said he would give the question his most "earnest consideration." But he suggested that Mr Ward could go into the stream with complete safety as the "crocodiles would run away."—China Mail Special.

Now See This

New York. Growing interest in "the visual" is reflected in increased use of film for annual reports. Many executives believe the film report, complete with sound track, represents the ultimate in making—reports—more informative, interesting and visually attractive.—UPI.



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STATE

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TRAILER

ON THE EDGE

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At 11.00 a.m.
FOX COLOR CARTOONS
At 12.30 p.m.
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WATCH THEM...and

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12

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For Your

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OPEN TILL 2 A.M.



Nine-Week-Old Baby Travels 5,500 Air Miles

Grimsby, Sept. 4.

Because she could not study for an examination and care for her nine-week-old baby Geetanjali as well, Mrs Sudha Atti, an Indian doctor working at Scartho Hospital, Grimsby, has had to send the baby 5,500 miles by air to India.

She will not see her again for at least two years.

"At nine weeks she was the youngest passenger ever to travel alone," Mrs Atti said.

"I took her to London Airport, and an air hostess specially engaged took charge of her for the journey to Bombay."

"It should have taken 18 hours but it was actually 34 because of stormy weather."

Among Geetanjali's possessions is a British passport. She was born in Edinburgh and so has dual nationality.

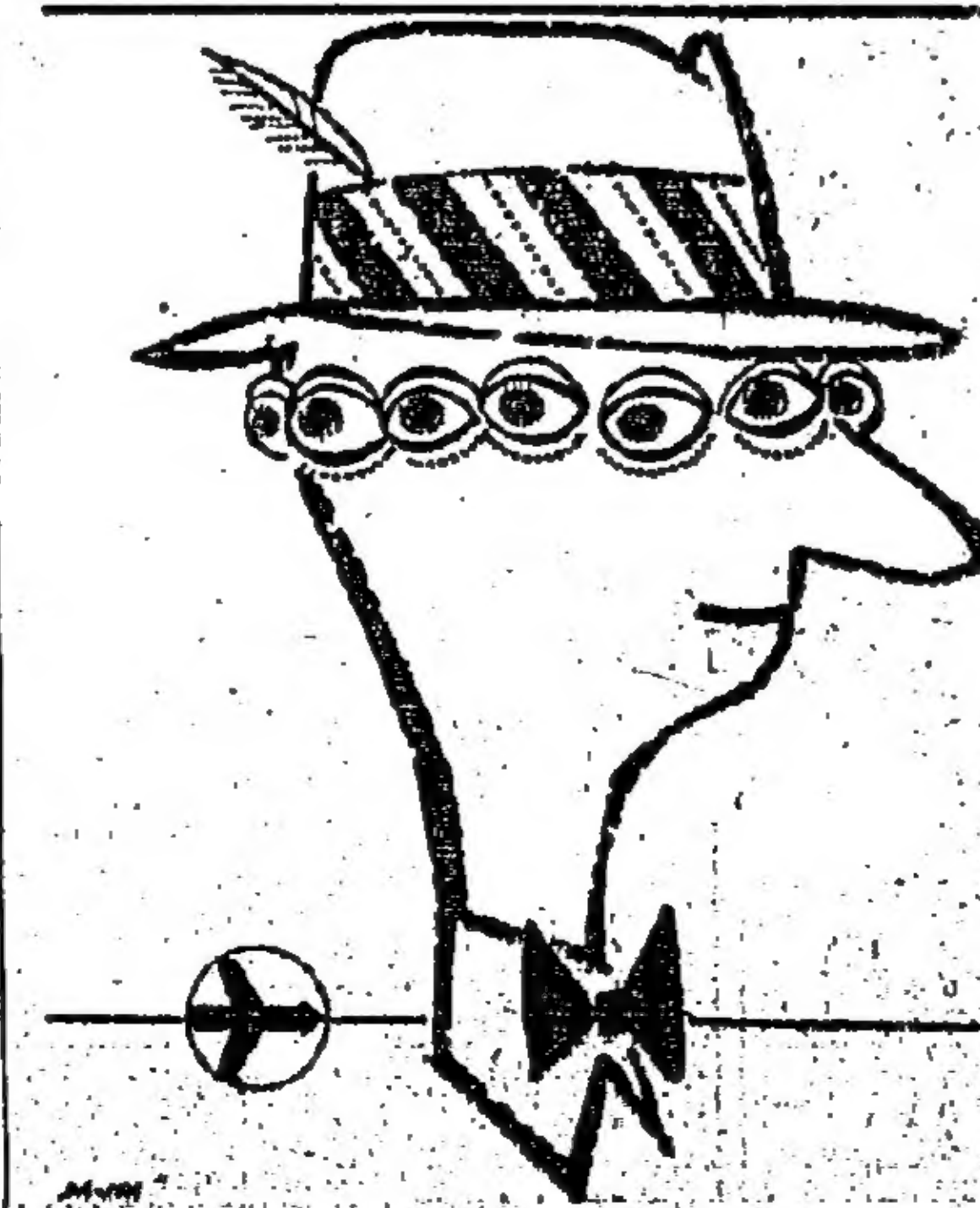
"I intended to keep her but I just could not manage because I could not find servants in England," said Mrs Atti. The baby will be looked after by Mrs Atti's parents at their Bombay home.

Dr and Mrs Atti came to England a year ago and were at hospitals in Warrington and Edinburgh before moving to Scartho. They are both studying for the fellowship of the Royal College of Surgeons.—China Mail Special.

Biggest Clock

New York. The world's biggest indoor clock—measuring 15 feet in diameter—will be installed in New York's Grand Central Station.—UPI.

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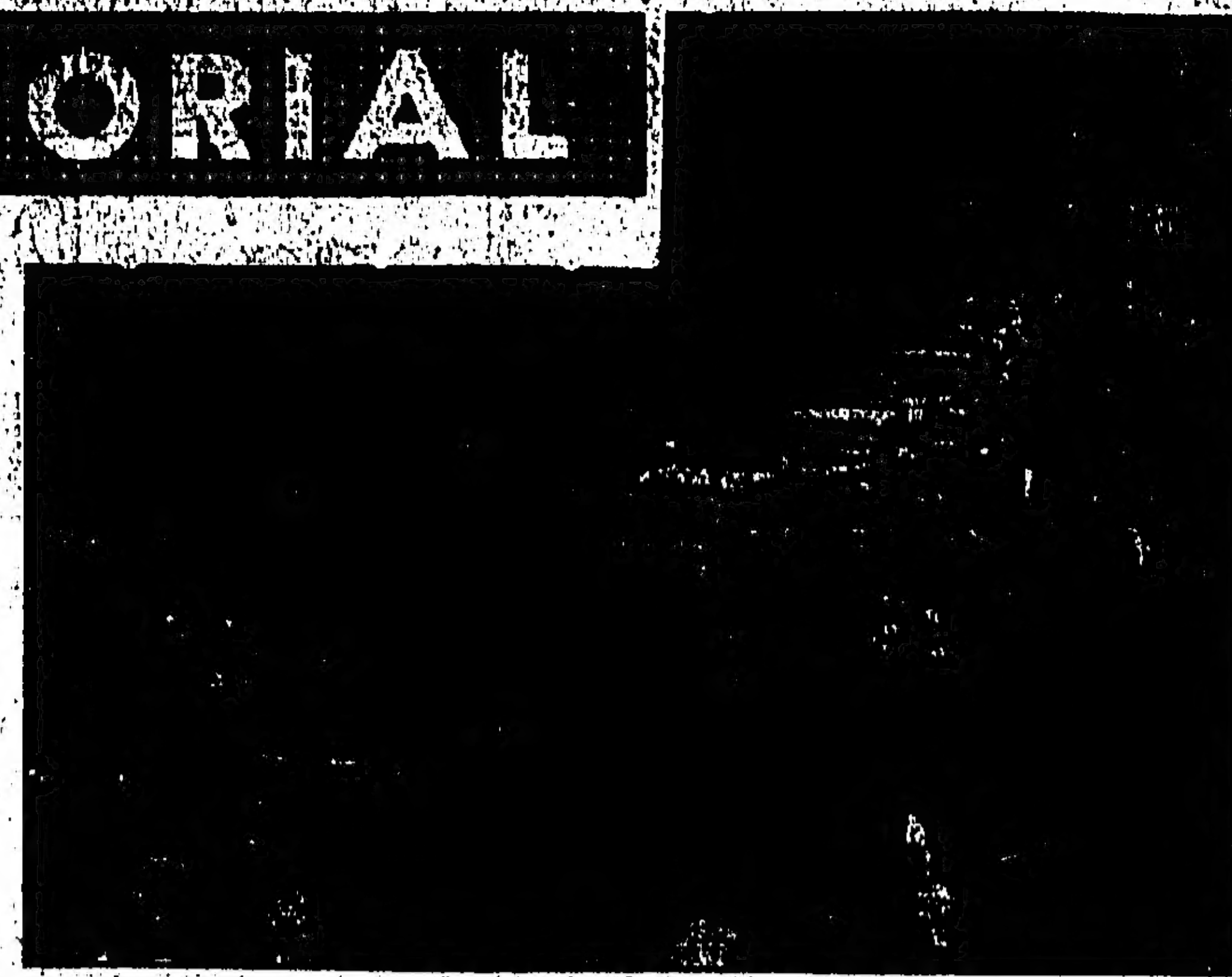
HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



ABOVE: A 58-strong party of Russian tourists pictured here, leaving Glasgow Cathedral on a four-day tour of the Scottish Lowlands include an expert on Scotland's national poet Robert Burns. She is Professor Elistratova, who presented a book on the poet to the Burns Museum during the trip. The party spent three days in Glasgow, will spend another in Edinburgh, and in between are spending one in the countryside where Burns lived.



ABOVE: The glass wall of the new Coventry Cathedral will be 45ft. long and 70ft. high, and composed of 90 panels engraved with the figures of 31 saints and 35 angels. The work of designing and engraving is being done by John Hutton in London, who has already made 14 of the figures: the rest will have to be ready by March, 1961. Here, Hutton pauses during his work on one of the 8ft. high glass panels. All work is done with flexible-drive carborundum wheels, or a dentist's drill for fine work.



ABOVE: The welcome given by Britons to U.S. President Dwight D. Eisenhower when he visited Britain recently, was a warm and hearty one. Picture shows scene at Hamer Smith Broadway where Ike got a reception reminiscent of New York's Broadway itself.



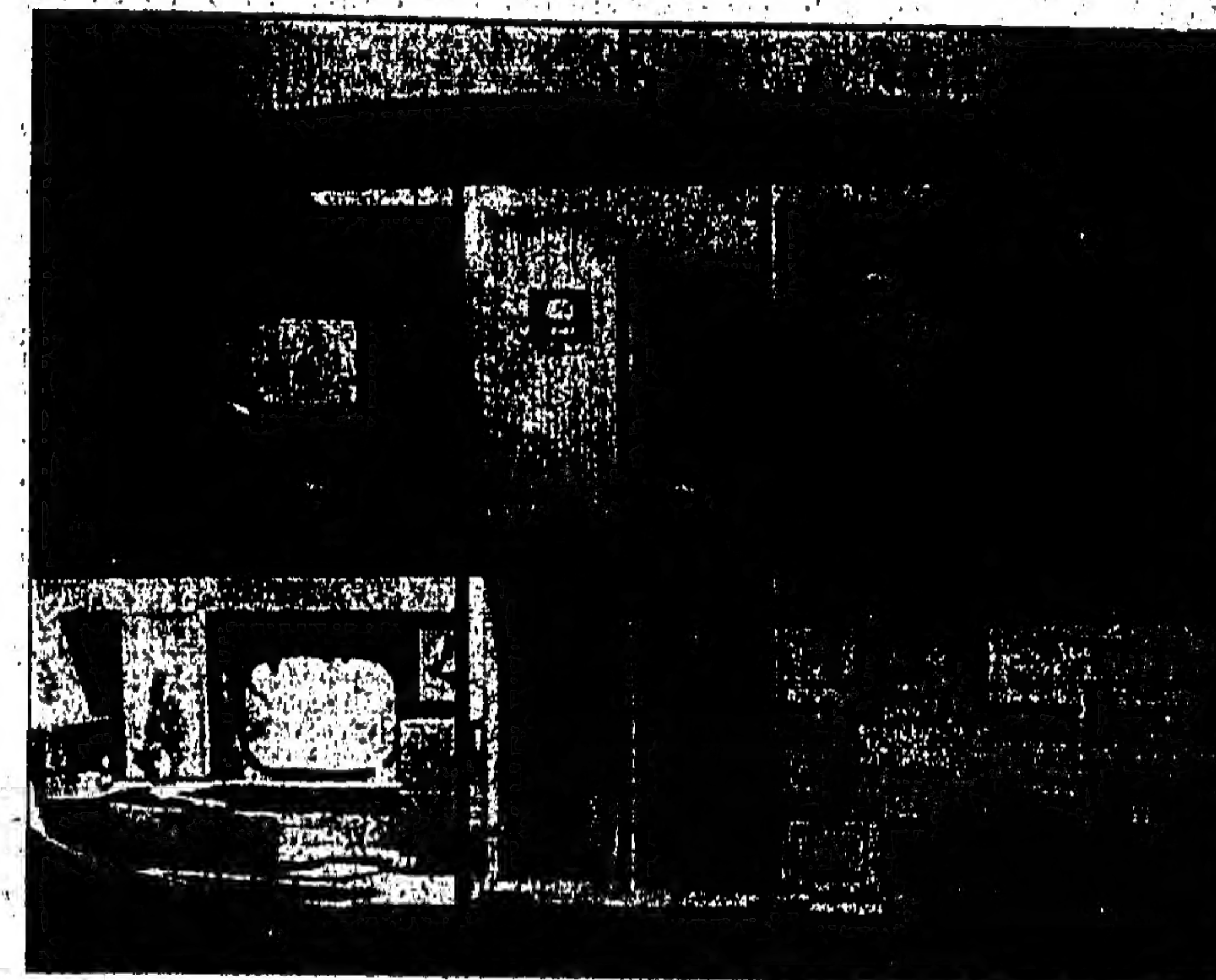
ABOVE: A revolutionary British spacelift device, on which research and planning has been going on for some considerable time past, was spoken of the other day, and illustrated with a model, at the first Commonwealth Spaceflight Symposium at Church House, Westminster, London. Picture shows a model of the "Space Pyramid."



★
RIGHT: Japan's best-known woman MP, Opposition leader Mrs. Shidzue Kato, arrived in London recently—to apologise for the wartime atrocities committed by the Japanese. She has visited several Asian countries already, and in each she has apologised. She says the apology must come first—"Then we can build friendship slowly, carefully, but strongly."



ABOVE RIGHT: Keeping herself company with a good hefty book down at Pinewood Studios in between filming, lovely Brenda Pooley, 18, is a girl who seems booked for stardom. An ex-cinema usherette from Southend, Essex, Brenda tired of watching other stars on the screen, and came to London to be a star herself. Her trip paid off—she has just landed her first film part, in Norman Wisdom's latest film comedy "Follow A Star."



ABOVE: This is the home of the future—according to a not-too-serious artist's impression at London's current Radio Show. It's dominated, naturally, by TV—sets to pick up commercial broadcasts are built into the walls of kitchen, bathroom, bedroom, and lounge—as well as the lift. In the hall, a "Telephone" allows the owners (Mr and Mrs Tolley and family) to see as well as hear their callers; more screens in the kitchen show Mrs Tolley what's happening inside the oven, grill, and washing machine; and when the front-door rings a touch of a switch puts a picture of the caller on a screen in each room.



ABOVE: Shy, 14-year-old Londoner Ann Stone set out the other day on the biggest adventure of her life. At London Docks she went aboard the Russian liner Baltika—bound for Moscow and a four-year scholarship with the Bolshoi Ballet School. Daughter of a 44-year-old caretaker, she is the first British girl to be offered a similar chance; was spotted by the Bolshoi authorities when the ballet company was touring Britain in 1956. Picture shows a group of Russian sailors watching Ann boarding the Baltika.



ABOVE: "The most exciting place in all England", this is the proud boast made by architects who have worked on the rebuilding, reconstruction, and planning, of Coventry's brand new City Centre, which was laid waste by Nazi bombing in 1940. Picture shows the drum-shaped Cafe on the left with two separate levels of shops on the right; and the spire of the Cathedral (right) and the Spire of Holy Trinity Church (left).



ABOVE: Glasgow factory owner G. J. Laird-Portch (his firm makes skirts at East Kilbride) decided that something had to be done about the perennial problem of losing skilled workers who left to get married—and become mothers. The solution he found was to build his own private crèche—for £12,000—complete with cots, tiny chairs and tables, toys galore, and bundles of nappies. Picture shows Mrs Violet Lairch, a worker, watching through the window while her baby daughter Jean (facing camera) settles down with three playmates in the crèche.

NANCY



By Ernie Bushmiller



Tunnel of love beats Law

London. LONDON street women and their "minders" have gone "underground" in their efforts to make a vice living since Britain's Street Offences Act drove them from their shameless parade in the streets.

They have really gone to earth. The "underground" is the London Underground Railway where some three hundred girls have been operating recently on a carefully planned system of allocation.

By Gerald Byrne

Many of the girls had no convictions and most are former office or catering workers. They come mainly from the North of England, some are Irish, few are from Scotland or Wales, and the rest are Londoners.

The vice bosses worked out time-tables and pitches for the girls, so that the interests of each vice king did not clash.

They reasoned that the railway police cover the ground so thinly that they could get away with a brand-new campaign—and recently they have done so, with some ten to twelve clients a day at higher-than-usual prices.

They are back in business, unless Scotland Yard and the railway police wake up quickly to this new menace on the Underground and pick them up.

Expert observers suggest that the only way to defeat these women, and the vice barons who control them, is to have officers who know the girls patrolling Underground stations.

It was all arranged by their minders, mostly Maltese, who have remained in Great Britain despite their fears of a seven-year sentence under the new Act.

These minders are the desperate remnants of hundreds who have already gone out of Britain.

They met, I learn, in a restaurant near Queen's Way in the Bayswater district of London, and held a council of war on moves to defeat what had become for them a serious situation. Their business had vanished overnight.

They found they had some three hundred girls, mostly young, very attractive and with only a year to eighteen months as "Cinderellas of the streets," to operate with.

QUOTE

—by the Rev. Hugh Herbert, rector of St. John's Cusdoun, Surrey, in a letter to women he has married during the past three years:—

NEVER stop your husband's sports activities; never stop courting; keep giving presents; and have children.

ROUND-UP

LATEST IN STATIONS

THE 50,000 people who live in the modern houses and estates of the new town at Harlow, Essex, are going to get a handsome new station plus an electric train service towards the end of 1960. The new station will have light-grey flint-line brickwork on the external walls, together with large areas of glass. The modern booking hall will have tiled floors, glass mosaic dadoes and varnished timber ceilings.

LINK WITH PAST TO GO

THE small basement room that housed the last of the "twopenny schools" in Woolwich is to be demolished under a borough council plan for the re-development of the St. Mary's area. The old desk still stands beneath the window, though it has since been made into a work-bench. The original fireplace is still there and an old cupboard, now splintered in places, leans against another wall. The old man who taught the local children for 2d. a day in the basement moved out when the mother of the present tenant took over the house nearly 100 years ago.

DID IT HAPPEN? ... another story to set you guessing

A message for Colonel Michelmore

I AM still in some doubt as to whether I ought to be telling this story at all, and it will become clear, I hope, why I have chosen to change the real names of those involved in my Mediterranean incident. It was a cool, clear evening in late September last year and I had flown to Nice to settle the details with my friend, Jean Trichereau, for a Continental television link-up. Jean had snatched a break to mix business with pleasure and had wired me to meet him there instead of in Paris.

AS related by PETER DIMMOCK

TV outside broadcasts, 35-year-old Peter Dimmock made a new reputation as the man on the Sportsview programme.

He joined the BBC after serving as an RAF pilot throughout the war. Now he lives with his wife at Notting Hill Gate—so that he can be near the Shepherd's Bush studios.

The casino

At the casino the gambling room was busy. We sauntered round the green-baized tables. Jean all the while giving me a running commentary on the state of the games. It was after we had had a drink, and were on our second tour of the tables, that I spotted the man I took to be Hitchen. I had been watching, intrigued, the apparent permutations of roulette being written down by a woman sitting alongside a chain-smoking gambler with white hair and a pasty complexion.

Then, attracted by a movement on the opposite side of the table, I saw him. Unused to the social graces of the gambling room, I was not sure that at that moment it would be right to intrude myself.

I tried to catch his eye. I smiled in recognition. His gaze held me for a moment, then he was back to his game. "Rien

ne va plus." The wheel spun and the fateful ball danced around, but my attention was focused on the man opposite.

If it wasn't Hitchen, my eyes weren't what they used to be. I was back in the days when we were together in the RAF. His staid appearance, though at the base of his stock of chips was what looked like a 50,000-franc counter. The croupier halted in and paid out.

Girl friend

Again I tried to catch Hitchen's attention. This time he saw me all right, but there was not the slightest sign of recognition; he seemed more interested in the gambler with the girl friend. Suddenly, a woman standing behind one of the seated players began to complain in

flowing French, presumably on the ground that she had won and had not been paid out. The croupier summoned another official in evening dress who weighed her up, then nodded his authorisation for her to be paid. The man I took to be Hitchen smiled at the contretemps, but he never looked in my direction.

Familiar face

By this time Jean was showing signs of boredom and hauled me over to another table. I could not think of anything but the face I knew. When I turned, I saw that the gambler and his girl had risen and that Hitchen was collecting up his counters. "Excuse me a moment," I said to Jean. Hitchen was halfway to the door when I caught up with him.

"Hitchen?" I said. "Remember me?" In close-up, his face was really familiar. His build, too; he was shorter than I am, perhaps five-nine but thickly built with the shoulders of a rugged player and humour lines alongside the eyes, which were bright and penetrating. He regarded me with distant tolerance and replied politely—and surprisingly—in an accent decidedly French: "I am sorry, m'sieu. You are mistaken."

I was shaken. I was never more sure of anything in my life. I knew it was Hitchen—and yet... Momentarily, I thought, anxiety crossed his face; then,



He regarded me with distant tolerance and replied, politely: "I am sorry, you are mistaken."

lightly slipping his counters from one hand to the other as if he was preparing to shuffle a pack of cards, he glanced towards the door, smiled and said: "It is unfortunate, m'sieu. But I insist you are quite wrong." For the first time, I had doubts. He held the counters in one hand, tugged at his bow tie with the other, and shrugged: "I did not have that honour." He bowed slightly, apologised once more, and was gone.

Baffled

The encounter baffled and troubled me a long time after Jean had delivered me at the hotel. I could not sleep. It was not as if Hitchen had been an ordinary Services acquaintance. We had first met at a wedding reception in a village hall close to the stations from which we were flying Blenheim. Two days before, I had been returning from a reconnaissance over France, when I had an uneasy sense of being followed. As far as I knew, no other Blenheims should have been within miles of our position.

Yet the aircraft behind me was another Blenheim. For nearly half an hour, the follow-my-leader routine went on. We were in radio silence, and I could not clear up the point with base. From mild curiosity my attitude changed to concern and then finally to extreme uneasiness.

We went into a stretch of cloud. I changed course and gained height. When we emerged, our shadow was still with us—only closer. I had almost convinced myself that the Blenheim was a captured machine being flown by the Luftwaffe. I tried every dodge possible, and it was only when

we were getting close to the English coast that we lost him. Then came the wedding reception. I had never even seen him before, but a fellow-pilot had persuaded him to tell the story of how he had almost shot down one of our Blenheims over France.

Naturally, I introduced myself as his near-victim. Afterwards, months later he was posted so suddenly that there were rumours he had gone round the bend.

The odd thing was that no one from his squadron knew exactly what had happened to him. And all I seemed to know of his personality was that he read widely and had a miniature library of books on political history, economics and psychology in his room. Yet could I have forgotten such a man?

I awoke early after a fitful night following the casino meeting. As I had most of the morning free from my Viscount's departure, I took a stroll along the front. Even then the beach was pretty full.

I stood by the rails and looked down at the sun-tanned faces, hoping and yet fearing that I might see the man who was proving such a preoccupation. I didn't see him, though I had a feeling he wasn't far away. This feeling was particularly strong even in the airport lounge.

Play-back

"I've used part of it, but it would be unintelligible to you even if you played it back. Be a good chap and deliver it personally to Colonel Michelmore at the War Office. It is rather important. Hope your Viscount isn't followed by a Blenheim on the way over."

There was no French accent. I delivered the tape.

DID IT REALLY HAPPEN?

YES NO

Put your tick in the space above. Answer on P. 11.
—(London Express Service).

PRINCE PHILIP'S IDEA CURES BAD BOYS

THORNEY PARK, the only approved school in Britain to enter every one of its boys into the Duke of Edinburgh's awards scheme, has achieved sensational results. (An approved school is an institution for juvenile wrongdoers.)

Instead of the average failure rate of thirty per cent, only five per cent of its boys, after winning awards, have got

By a Special Correspondent

into trouble after leaving the school.

The scheme is open to all young people between 15 and 18.

The headmaster of Thorney Park says: "This scheme, with the glamour of Prince Philip, and Sir John Hunt of Everest fame, is the biggest chance we have been given to find a solution to juvenile delinquency."

"I have been headmaster of this school for 26 years. Never before have I achieved results like these. It is absolutely wonderful."

Thorney Park is near Paisley, in Scotland. It is pioneering the experiment to discover how much Scotland's "bad boys" (and the bad boys of England, Wales and Northern Ireland, too) can be helped by the Duke of Edinburgh's scheme.

16. These three did it at 14. All have since left the school.

Typical is the story of the first approved schoolboy to win a gold star.

He was so keen that he gave up his Sunday work on the fire-fighting squad at Renfrew airport in order to pass his public service test.

These three boys will soon be going to Buckingham Palace to receive their gold stars from the Duke of Edinburgh.

★ ★ ★

"The achievements of these three boys are absolutely wonderful," said Mr Lees, headmaster of Thorney Park. "Just as important is what this school has achieved."

"I give the entire credit to the Duke's scheme. I am not saying it is the be-all and end-all, or that it is the answer for every bad boy. But I do believe it can be extended to every approved school in the United Kingdom."

"So far only a few are entering boys into the scheme."

★ ★ ★

In the past two years Thorney Park has gained for its one hundred and thirty boys no less than seventy-eight bronze and fifty-eight silver stars.

In addition Thorney Park has made history by three of its boys winning the gold star, the highest award given by the Duke of Edinburgh.

The three boys, Robert McLaughlin, Robert Lyle and Stewart Thompson, have all done it while they were under age. Officially no boy can enter until he is

POCKET CARTOON by OSBERT LANCASTER

THE END OF THE WORLD IS AT HAND!



"I do hope somebody has remembered to clear it with Dr. Adenauer first."
London Express Service



Beware of counterfeits—buy only from authorized dealers.

it wasn't feminine to know the time until she had a Rolex

Lost in an ecstasy of living... Hot, gorgeous live life. With great big roses And fun... And cars, waiting. And men, delectable men, waiting. What did she need with the time? It was a horrid, precise and completely unnecessary detail. It wasn't feminine... But one man. Who had the superbly manlike ability. To calculate, sometimes, that the thing a woman says she doesn't want is the one thing she does. Brought her a Rolex watch...

He was different from all the others. He came out of a cloud of admirers who all looked the same. With something new. A Rolex watch. And suddenly it was a better idea than any the others had had. It was more personal than think—and very beautiful. It was more feminine than cars—even though it was precision perfect. It was completely hers. And she loved it.

ROLEX

A landmark in the history of Time measurement



Cummings

"Really, Nye, it makes me want to give up politics! Now he's even signed up Eisenhower on his programme..."
London Express Service

The days of peace run out—and the omens for the future are bad... ...as a great new aircraft carrier causes death at her launching The barrage balloons go up...



PART TWO

It was August 1939. You could buy a new car for £98.10s.... beer was 8d. a pint... cigarettes were 11d. for 20... and a good seat at the cinema cost 9d....

But the last days of peace were ticking to a close....

Do YOU remember that summer of 20 years ago?

LIKE drunken elephants, the barrage balloons swayed and dipped over London and all the big cities. Yet it was still possible to hope for peace. At 10, Downing Street, Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain and his aides were convinced that even now Hitler could be made to see reason, and refused to accept the possibility that war was inevitable.

But the public was less optimistic. The newspapers had begun to publish articles such as "How to stock up your food cupboard," and the grocery stores were filled with buyers.

Kent hop-pickers were warned to take their gas-masks with them.

True, there were still columns of print in the newspapers with nothing in them about Hitler and the war.

"Dear sir," wrote one correspondent, "I am in a good job and earning fifty shillings a week. Do you think this is enough to marry and bring up children?"

Mr J. Aked of Baccup answered the nation by leaving his wife a bequest of £1 out of a £2,000 will "as a token to her for her share in my life but not speaking a word to me for the past 35 years."

But along the Polish Corridor things were hotting up. Hitler was speaking to everybody, and what he was constantly saying was "My patience is exhausted."

At the War Office in Whitehall there were queues of reserve officers coming to inquire about postings. (They were now refused entry if they failed to carry a gas-mask.)

Harassed

All the reserve officers put together could not have covered the harassed Staff half as much trouble as a certain major-general named Bernard L. Montgomery.

Major-General Montgomery had come back from Palestine earlier in 1939 after having relinquished command of the 8th Division there. He had been promised command of the 3rd Division in England, and was looking forward to taking over, for he sensed that war was coming and realised that the

by LEONARD MOSLEY

And would be one of the first divisions to be sent to France.

But Montgomery had been seriously ill in Palestine, with a patch on his lung and suspected tuberculosis. "I was sent to England in the charge of two nursing sisters and two medical officers," he wrote afterwards, "and was judged desperately ill. I was."

A miracle

On the sea voyage, however, a miracle happened. The patch disappeared. Montgomery was pronounced fit and sent on leave.

When he came back, in August, the first thing he did was to go to the War Office and ask: "When do I take over the 3rd Division?"

"You don't," was the reply.

All commands had been drawn because of the emergency. The commander of the 3rd had been told to remain at his post.

In that case, said Montgomery, you had better ship me back to my old division in Palestine. "Impossible," said the War Office. "The new commander has taken over."

"Then what am I supposed to do?" demanded Montgomery. "There is a pool of major-generals waiting for employment," he was told. "You will join it."

At which the temper of this lively, little-known brass-hat began to show. There was a war coming, and war spelled opportunity for an ambitious

soldier. Montgomery had no intention of meeting it as a member of a pool of unemployed generals.

"I pestered the War Office," he wrote afterwards, "and was judged fit to go."

In fact, he gave no Staff officer above the rank of lieutenant-general any rest from his pestering. "He wrote memoranda. He badgered friends and acquaintances."

And in the last few days of August he got his way. "You'll have to do something about Montgomery," wrote a member of the War Staff, to his chief, "or we'll never be able to get on with the war."

'Good luck'

Wearily, the Chief of Staff signed the necessary papers. The old commander of the 3rd Division was shipped abroad as a Colonial Governor. Major-General Bernard L. Montgomery was appointed to the division in his place.

The harassed Staff shook hands with him and wished him well. And as he marched away to join his new division one of

BY THE WAY

by Beachcomber

WE were having a well-earned rest from the Fascist until it popped up again when a Czech orchestra refused to play with Mrs. Martz, the Hungarian violinist.

How could they be sure she would not handle her bow in a reactionary manner, suggesting contempt for the class war? The Czechs have not forgotten how a triangle-player in Prague struck his triangle with a deviationist flourish which reeked of capitalism. I am reminded of Sir Arnold Lunn's protest when the Austrian skier Hannes Schneider was invited to take part in a competition before the war. They said to him: "You are a confusing sport with politics." Sir Arnold replied: "I had no idea Schneider had been imprisoned for his athletic achievements."

How many fish in the Pacific?

A storm of statistics is raging. There must be hundreds of thousands of people counting things every day, either as amateurs or professionals. Naturally nobody likes to challenge the figures published. If I say that the wasp population of England is 132,748,189, who is going to have the impudence and the hardihood to question me, and to demand a recount? And only a man with time on his hands is likely to begin counting wasps on his own, with a view to proving me wrong. The secret of success as a statistician is to make your statement boldly, and then to stick to it.

And now Rixamughan

(TO the raven-haired nymph who blew a kiss at me.)
Or I can stay in
I wish you were in the moonlight
On a gondola in Venice.

But Mrs. Rixamughan was brought up Old-fashioned, and she would not off my block.
So you must suffer in silence.
Fate is more cruel than I.
A pack of starting Krakodiles.
(London Express Service)



REMEMBER? A famous partnership in Britain films... Gracie Fields and Sydney Howard, as they appeared in "Shipyard Sally."

from operations in the Mediterranean and the Pacific.

Grave view

August 17. It had already been a day of doom and death and dire foreboding.

It ended on a note of sensation — sensation involving the Royal Family.

That evening the Press Association sent out a message saying:—

"HAREWOOD BOYS DISCLOSE MILITARY SECRET."

War Office officials are considering what action to take regarding an article in the Harewood News, a typewritten publication written and published by the two young Etonians sons of the Earl of Harewood. After a conference of high Army officers at Room 256 at the War Office yesterday it was said: "A grave view is taken of the article. Certain military information in it should never have been published. The Judge Advocate

newspaper, the Harewood News, four or five times a year, and mimeographed about 200 copies for circulation on the Harewood estate and among friends.

They filled their pages with news about the estate, accounts of people and places visited, and racing tips. Early in August they were taken to visit an anti-aircraft gun site outside Leeds. Gerald wrote a description of the gun and of the men who manned it, and that was all right; but he also mentioned in his article that there were five sites of the type employed around Leeds. And that was a technical breach of the Secrets Act, and, as such, an offence.

Editor George Lascelles and Reporter Gerald were rebuked and told not to do it again. That was all.

No urgent summonses to Buckingham Palace. No meetings of the Army Council. No court-martial.

It was, perhaps, that roly-poly bon vivant Viscount Castlereagh, the famous colonel of the Sunday Express, who best summed up the mood of those in



REMEMBER? The pattern for the future is now set. The pledge has been given. Little real hope of peace remains... the course is set irreversibly towards the war which the people of Britain now regard as inevitable.

Hitler's Foreign Minister, arrived in Moscow. He wasted no time. His ambassador, Schulenberg, had, in any case, done the preliminary work.

And that evening, just as Plunkett-Erle-Drax was leaving for the Kremlin to take part in another conversation with Marshal Voroshilov, von Ribbentrop was sitting down with Stalin in another room in the same building.

The Russo-German Pact of Non-Aggression was signed at seven o'clock on the evening of August 23, 1939.

In the Soviet Union pledged themselves not to interfere in any way should war break out between Germany and the Western Allies. A secret clause, not made public at the time, stipulated that in the event of a German attack on Poland Russia would move in from the East and occupy half the country.

The two ideological enemies had come together. The impossible had been achieved. In a few hours in Moscow, von Ribbentrop had achieved for Hitler one of the greatest diplomatic triumphs in history.

The great American flight from Europe began, and millions of Americans gladly slept in the third-class cabins of the Washington as she made her last trip across the Atlantic.

Troops were reported to be massing on the Polish frontier, and Adolf Hitler's voice on the radio grew hourly more hysterical.

and the first engagement of the war had been won for Germany without a shot being fired.

In one of the small rooms of the Kremlin, Plunkett-Erle-Drax was saying goodbye to Voroshilov, who assured him without a blush that Russia was sincere in wanting a pact with Britain.

In the main banqueting hall, Ribbentrop and Stalin were toasting each other. Stalin and Molotov now dropped their masks so far as Britain was concerned. "The British military mission never told the Soviet Government what it really wanted," Molotov said. And Stalin, well away on vodka in this time, added:

"What does it matter? England is weak. Nor is the British Navy as important as it used to be. England's air arm is being increased... but there is a serious shortage of pilots. If England dominates the world in spite of this, it is due to the stupidity of other countries that always let themselves be bluffed. Look at India."

The vodka flowed. The toasts went on, to Hitler, to Stalin, to Germany, to victory. That night as the news burst like a bomb over Britain, Plunkett-Erle-Drax sadly packed his bags and prepared to go back to London to report the failure of a mission.

Now everybody knew that war was imminent. Hitler's Russian flank was covered by his new Russian ally. He stepped up the atrocity tales from the Polish Corridor and filled the Nazi Press with false stories about the brutality of the Poles towards their German minority.

In London, Radiolympia opened, with Jessie Matthews, Will Fyfe, Margaret Lockwood, Lionel Gaimlin, Nomo King,

The Kremlin toast is 'to Hitler'

General will have to be consulted as to what action we must take. On no account must the matter in this article be republished."

What had the two sons of the Princess Royal done? The British public was never to know.

There was many an editor who would have liked to specify Viscount Lascelles and his 15-year-old brother, the Hon. Gerald Lascelles, had breached the Official Secrets Act, but they are constrained by that same Act from going into details.

Adolf Hitler was growing impatient. He was resolved to wait no longer. But first, there was one more insurance policy which he needed to take out. If Britain and France came to Poland's aid when he attacked—and if was still the word, for he was convinced that the Allies would cave in at the last moment—he must make sure that his Eastern flank was secure while he turned to deal with them.

That meant he needed a non-aggression pact with Russia.

It was no time in history for small rumours, and soon all sorts of wild stories began to be circulated. Ridiculous ones, too. It was said that the two boys had inadvertently released the plan to annihilate Germany with one decisive blow. For their transgression they had been summoned before a family conference and put on the mat by the King himself.

True, there were some belated news items to suggest that their offence was a trivial one. But, so long as no one told the public exactly what it was, rumours continued to circulate. German agents were urged from Berlin to find out the truth and report at once.

It would be pleasant to think that Hitler never did discover it, and was tantalized for the rest of the war by the thought that two schoolboy members of the hated British Royal Family had all but delivered the secret of victory into his hands.

Twenty years seems a long time for the world to wait for what is, I am afraid, an anticlimactic revelation.

Viscount Lascelles (the present Earl of Harewood) and his brother published their story

high places during the next few days.

"The morning was gloomy," he wrote, "the future was fraught with disaster, razors were blunt and collars contrarily were like jagged knife edges. In other words, that Monday morning feeling had somehow permeated to the end of the week."

For now not even in Downing Street, and not even in Neville Chamberlain's peace-loving heart, was it possible to ignore the belligerent cries for war that were coming almost every hour, from Germany.

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On the morning of August 23, he got a shock. For on that day Joachim von Ribbentrop,

Ambition

Osbert Lancaster drew a cartoon of two Nazi officers toasting each other in Berlin. "Yes, Herr Major," one was saying, "I've got a week's leave for being beaten to death by the brutal Poles."

War. But when? Around Britain's coasts the watch lightened. At R.A.F. stations fighter pilots were told to stand by. Crowds gathered outside 10, Downing Street to sing "Rule, Britannia!"

The nation tensed. It was in this atmosphere that a Swedish girl, aged 27, named Sally Hamer, slipped into the water at Cap Gris Nez and began to swim the Channel. She crawled ashore at Dover 15 hours later, to be greeted by two men and a small boy.

"I wasn't going to let war hold up a lifelong ambition," she said.

They were playing Wagner at the Prims at the Queen's Hall. In Westminster Abbey, King George VI and his Queen had gone to pray.

And, as the hours passed and war came nearer, Herbert Morrison, M.P. Leader of the L.C.C., went to 10, Downing Street with an urgent request. He was shown in to see Sir Horace Wilson, Chamberlain's chief adviser.

"I've come about the children," said Morrison. "Before Hitler strikes, we've got to evacuate them from London. There's no time to lose."

"Good heavens," replied Sir Horace. "You can't do that. Not yet, anyway. It might persuade Herr Hitler that Britain really does want war."

NEXT WEEK:

The Fleet is mobilised
(London Express Service)

PRESENTING A 20-YEARS-FROM-NOW PREVIEW THAT WILL INTRIGUE EVERY PARENT

Will YOUR child grow up to be like YOU?

THE children's party comes to its uproarious end, and the parental cars arrive to take the guests home. Through the final melee surges the hostess leading Peter, aged six, by the hand.

"I still haven't got all their names sorted out," she says, "but this one's yours. Anyone could see that. Just the same chin. And the nose too."

So your son is like you? Not necessarily so. The fact that strangers can identify him with you merely means he looks like you. It does not follow that his personality is developing to be like your own.

One of many

How much will your children be like you when they grow up? Every day a child's character grows and changes. And the parents' influence on it is only one of many compelling elements. There is his school, his friends, what he reads, what he sees on TV.



"Let him see who's master..."

How much impact do you make on what goes on behind that sometimes innocent and sometimes not-so-innocent young face? Are you moulding his character so that it is clearly identifiable with yours?

Your answers to the questions below will help you to find out.

1 Do you feel that delinquents are dealt with too softly these days?
(a) Yes.
(b) No.

2 How would you deal with a young child's temper tantrum?

(a) Make sure he knows who is master?
(b) Ignore it?

3 How strictly were you yourself brought up?

(a) More strictly than most children.
(b) Less strictly than most children.

4 Do you think it is a sign of weakness to admit you have changed your mind?

(a) Yes.
(b) No.

5 Which do you think is the more important for a child to learn?

(a) Obedience.
(b) Tolerance.

6 How do you feel when you suddenly find yourself in a minority of one?

(a) You wonder if you are really right after all.
(b) "I don't care if they

don't like my views—I am not changing my attitude."
(c) You never find yourself in this position.

7 Do you agree that too much education can sometimes be dangerous?

(a) Yes.
(b) No.

8 Would you rather see your child being:

(a) With a strong sense of right and wrong?
(b) Independent minded?

9 Do you agree that you will lose authority over a growing child by admitting in his presence that you are at a loss or that you have made a mistake.

(a) Yes.
(b) No.

10 How would you deal with a teenager who got ideas into his head you did not approve of?

(a) Take a strong line with him.
(b) Let him work out his own salvation.

(c) Discuss the matter with him, being careful not to lay down the law too much.

First, check your scores on these 10 questions:—

1. a=2, b=1.
2. a=2, b=1.
3. a=2, b=1, c=1.
4. a=2, b=1.
5. a=1, b=2.
6. a=1, b=2, c=1.
7. a=2, b=1.
8. a=2, b=1.
9. a=2, b=1.
10. a=2, b=1, c=1.

How many points have you scored? If you have totalled 15 OR OVER on these questions, you do the next 10 questions only.

A1 Do you think a parent should decide on the choice of a career for children?

(a) Yes.
(b) No.

A2 Would you say that most children need fairly constant supervision if they are not to get into trouble?

(a) Yes.
(b) No.

A3 Does your child go to the same type of school that you did?

(a) Yes.
(b) No.

A4 Do you sometimes disagree with your wife (or husband) over how your children should be treated?

(a) Yes.
(b) No.

A5 How obedient is your child?

(a) Very.
(b) Usually, but not always, obedient.
(c) Is troublesome.

A6 At what age would you allow a growing boy to be treated as an equal among adults?

(a) Before 15.
(b) 16 to 18.
(c) Only after 18.

A7 Have you had to punish your child recently more than once for the same offence within a week?

(a) Yes.
(b) No.

A8 Would you say that times were changing and that one must expect children to be somewhat different in their outlook from their parents?

(a) Yes.
(b) No.

A9 What would be your reaction to your child taking up a very unusual hobby?

(a) Let him get on with it if it amuses him?
(b) This is waste of time and should be discouraged?

A10 Who would you blame for most of the increase of juvenile crime?

(a) The parents.
(b) The school.
(c) Bad companions.
(d) Films and television.
(e) The unsettled times we live in.

Now, for those whose score came to 14 OR UNDER on the opening questions, 10 questions of their own.

B1 Is your child as intelligent as you were



at his age?
(a) Yes.
(b) No.
(c) He's more advanced.
(d) You wouldn't like to say.

B2 Do you approve of boarding schools for boys?

(a) Yes.
(b) No.

B3 Would you let your child play with children whose parents you haven't met?

(a) Yes.
(b) No.

B4 How well do you know your nearest neighbours?

(a) Quite well.
(b) Hardly at all.

B5 Do you hold a position of responsibility in a leisure time organization—such as in local government, in a sports or theatrical club, etc.?

(a) Yes.
(b) No.

B6 Do you allow your children to read what they like in their spare time?

(a) Yes.
(b) No.

B7 Does your child have the same interests as you did as a boy (or girl)?

(a) Yes.
(b) No.

B8 Who would you say should have the greatest influence in giving a child a sense of discipline?

(a) The parent.
(b) The school.
(c) Would you like your children to grow up like you?

(a) Yes, very much.
(b) No, thank you.
(c) You're not worried.

B10 What do you feel about your ability to bring up children?
(a) You are about average.
(b) You seem to have more difficulty than most.
(c) You don't seem to have any trouble.

THE DISCIPLINE TYPE...

First, the answers for those who qualified for SECTION A. These people have strong views about things in general—and in particular about the need for discipline in bringing up children.

But this attitude may produce two results: a great respect for the parent, and a desire by the child to model himself on the parent; or a sharp reaction away from all parental influences. Your answers to the Section A questions will give the clue to which.

A 1. a=3, b=1, c=1.
A 2. a=1, b=3.
A 3. a=1, b=3.
A 4. a=1, b=3.
A 5. a=3, b=2, c=1, d=1, e=1.

If your score is 24 OR OVER your children should not disappoint you.

If you have scored 15 OR UNDER they may grow up in a way you don't expect... and may not like.

If you have scored BETWEEN 16 AND 23 your children will in many ways resemble you, but they will develop their own personalities which will be affected by many factors apart from the influences originating from you.

...AND THE TOLERANT

Now for people in SECTION B. These are tolerant people, who do not consciously try to model their children on themselves. Their main concern is that their children should grow up into reasonable, decent citizens. But this attitude, too, can produce diverse results.

First, check your score.
B 1. a=3, b=1, c=1, d=2.
B 2. a=1, b=3.
B 3. a=1, b=3.
B 4. a=1, b=3.
B 5. a=3, b=1, c=1.
B 6. a=1, b=3, c=1.
B 7. a=3, b=1.
B 8. a=3, b=1.

If your score is 24 OR OVER your children should resemble you in many ways.

If you scored UNDER 15 they are likely to develop personalities quite different from yours.

BETWEEN 15 AND 23 means that your children should grow up with well-developed personalities of their own, but nevertheless be strongly influenced by parental upbringing.

B 9. a=2, b=1, c=1, d=1, e=1.
B 10. a=2, b=1, c=1, d=1, e=1.

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—(London Express Service).

The British paradox

IN a country like Britain which lists scientific know-how high on its export list it is paradoxical that inventors have such a thin time of it.

They seldom reap fortunes, and recognition, if it comes at all, usually comes late. Often their inventions lie neglected because the people who could exploit them do not have the necessary imagination.

Repeatedly British pioneering work has been taken over and developed by other countries to the point where its origins are forgotten.

You might think that the lesson had been learned by now. Just how wrong you would be was demonstrated recently when the Hydrox Fuel Cell was revealed to a selected group of service chiefs, industrialists and newspapermen.

Essentially the fuel cell is a battery which instead of storing power makes it. It works by mixing hydrogen and oxygen gas in a chamber containing nickel plate swimming in strong caustic soda.

Dual stuff, you say? Not a bit of it. Level-headed scientists believe that it would lead to:

- CARS which need no petrol, oil, gearbox or clutch.
- ELECTRIC TRAINS without all the bother and expense of "live" rails.
- TROLLEYBUSES requiring no mass of overhead wires.
- SUBMARINES which could operate under water for months without surfacing to recharge.
- LORRIES which would be noiseless and fumeless.

America and Russia, with all their tremendous resources, have been seeking a similar fuel cell. Yet the first working model has been turned out by a 64-year-old British scientist named Thomas Bacon at the price of much personal sacrifice. He had been working on the idea since the early 'thirties.

It was not until 1956 that the National Research Development Corporation decided to sponsor Bacon's research.

And while everyone was making the appropriate congratulatory noises this week Bacon's wife was recalling: "Without our private means we would have had to pack up long ago. I wonder how many other ideas have been lost because the inventor has not been able to afford the price of his beliefs."

I wonder, too. And I wonder all the more when I learn that, although an American firm is manufacturing the Bacon fuel cell under licence for delivery to the U.S. Air Force, so far no firm application for such a licence has been received from any British concern. Presumably this hesitancy is due to the fact that a certain amount of design refinement has still to be done.

Flying Pyramid

AS I was writing these last few lines, word came through that British scientists have plans for a space ship which could carry two men 700 miles into space, keep them there seven hours and bring them back safely.

The ship is called "The Flying Pyramid" because of the delta shape and flat bottom which

London.

Peter Burgoyne's

NEWS FROM BRITAIN

would enable it to glide down even where the air was thin.

It is also claimed that all heat generated by friction with the atmosphere would be carried away, ensuring that the machine did not burn up like a meteorite.

Scientists here believe that this British discovery is the answer to problems currently being tackled by the Americans and Russians. It is to be patented.

The Hawker Siddeley Aircraft Company, which is operating a development team on the Pyramid project, hope that the Government will back their work with money. So, I bet, does every Briton who wants to see his nation in the space race.

Freedom Above All

FOR a century and more fanciers of sea-shanties have been demanding, "what shall we do with the drunken sailor?"

The answer has now been supplied by the Royal Navy authorities at Portsmouth where drunkenness among ratings ashore has been an increasing problem.

It is this. Instead of letting the offending mateel get away with a token fine in a civil court and the escape of one day's pay when he comes back aboard, you persuade the civil police to hand the man over to the naval authorities who stop his leave and withdraw his privilege of wearing civilian clothes ashore.

Since this system went into operation, drunkenness among ratings has been cut by more than a half, I learned this week.

Revelations On The Thames

THE trouble with living in London is that one becomes snobbish about sightseeing. Strictly for the tourists, one says—and as a result misses a lot of the fun of being here.

Last week, though, I joined the tourists on a trip down the Thames by river bus. It was suggested at my ignorance of a river I see every day.

I didn't know that when a bridge is under repair a bunch of straw is suspended from it on the end of a rope—a relic of the Middle Ages when the Thames was London's main highway and workmen were not too careful about what they dropped from bridges.

I didn't know that some of the warehouses are built on piles because the river bank at that spot is consecrated ground and nothing may be built on it without the permission of Blackfriars bridge which stands on the site; that Wren lived in a tiny house on the South bank while he was building St Paul's Cathedral; that London Bridge, if not falling down, as the nursery rhyme has it, at least leans off the vertical.

What a wonderful city this is to live in—if you only take the trouble to get to know it.

Bright Future

OF all the Press passes I have ever owned—and these have been many and varied—the fanciest belonged to me is the one I was presented with by the Foreign Office recently for President Eisenhower's visit.

The inscription on it was almost completely overwhelmed by pink-polka dots.

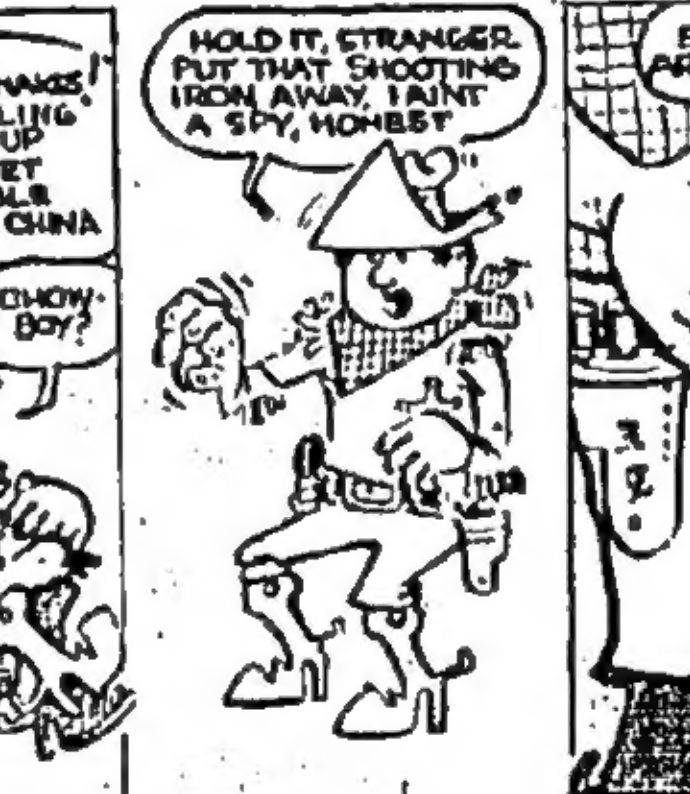
It entitled me to use the Carlton House Terrace headquarters set up for newspapermen covering the tour. In deference to the number of American reporters on the job, the bar inside the headquarters was well stocked with bourbon and rye whisky and local beer.

In London, at least, this sort of service is unusual. But it is to be a precedent then we of

FOUR D. JONES



FERD'NAND



BRICK BRADFORD



By Mikk



By Paul Norris



NEW Lady Sheaffer



Barristers prefer



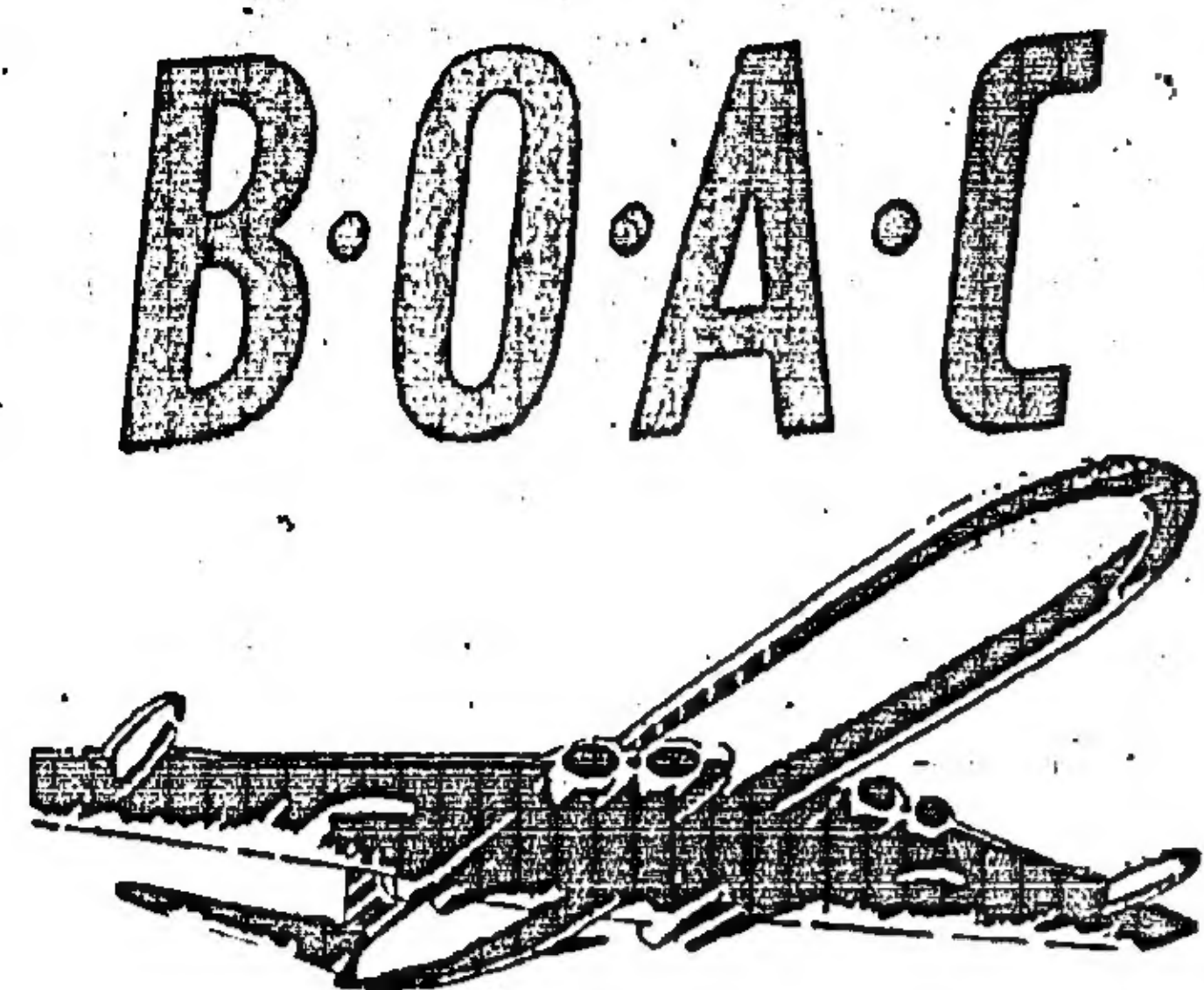
SWISSAIR

THE AIRLINE OF SWITZERLAND

San Miguel

Gives that extra lift.





COMETS

for speed

TOURIST

for economy to

TOKYO

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RANGOON

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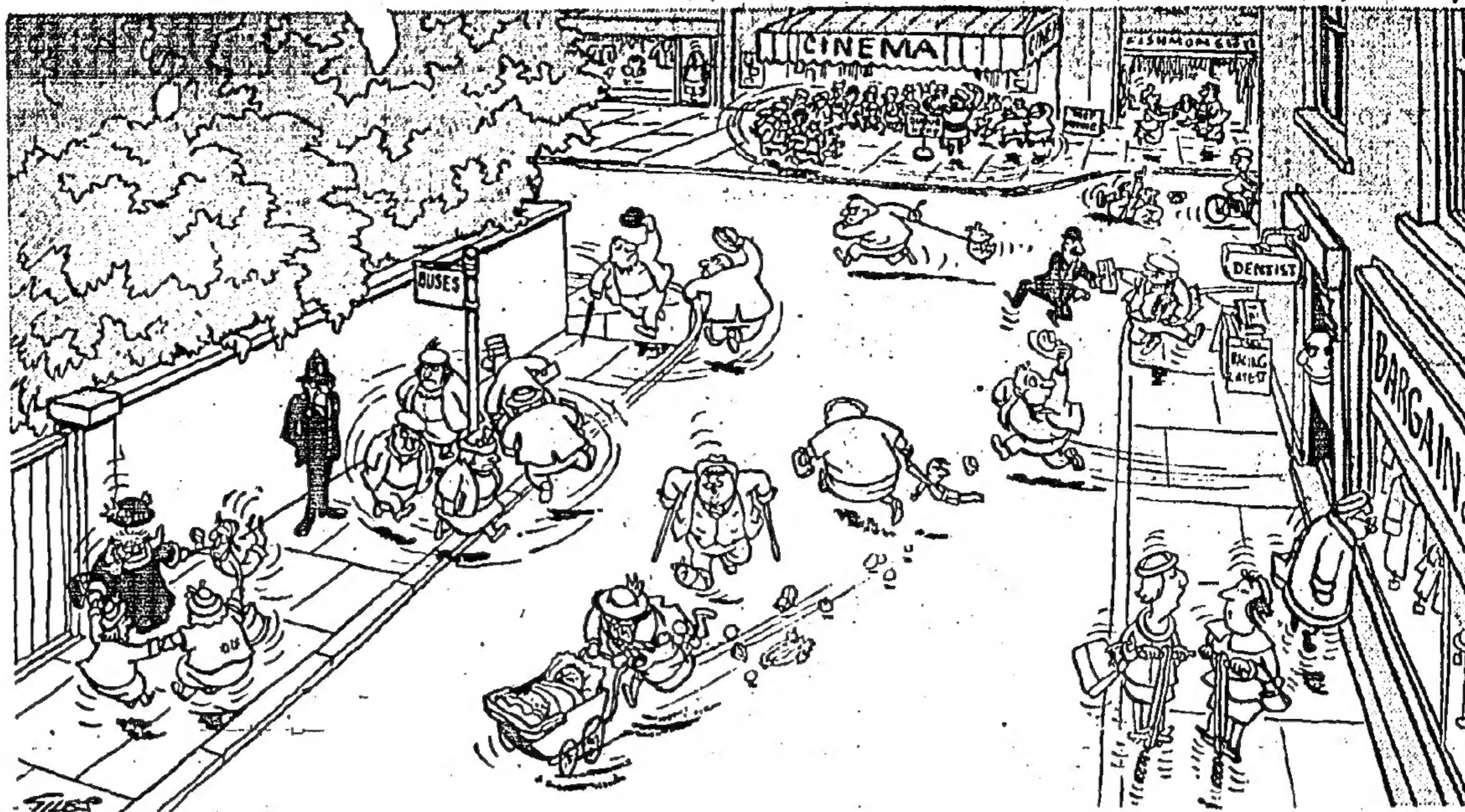
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CURIOUSLY ENOUGH

by GILES

AS NEARLY everything Britons do is an offence, I have always thought that the one way to keep out of trouble was to stand still.

"People always think that," said a magistrate recently. "But the law states that you have only the right to walk up and down, not to stand there."

So now you know.

Countries outside the Western alliance have promised not to use this fascinating piece of tradition for propaganda purposes in a film called "There'll always be an England."

(London Express Service).

ARE THE GOSPELS REALLY TRUE? PART THREE

A 1959 look at the Miracles

Did Christ really perform the miracles attributed to him? In his third despatch, Geoffrey Ashe—who was assigned to assess the Gospels in the light of modern knowledge—examines that question and asks: Could they possibly have been invented?



Jerusalem—where Christ's teachings took root.

ON the green Jordan, where it flowed among trees out of the Sea of Galilee, Israeli patrol boats were moored. They swung with the stream a few minutes' walk away from barbed wire and Arabs.

Khaki-clad youths and girls of the Israeli Army hustled to and fro shifting equipment.

As I drove past, with the general New York couple who shared the car, the obvious comment would have been: "What a grim sight in the country of the Prince of Peace."

I did not make it. The sight was grim, perhaps, but also appropriate.

For New Testament Palestine was far from peaceful. It was tense, a country of hate and danger, where foreign troops committed atrocities, patriots assassinated collaborators, incidents provoked riots.

Sitting down to lunch at Tiberias, I wondered what had really changed, and how far the scenery and atmosphere of the Gospels could be recaptured.



by **GEOFFREY ASHE**

The Sea of Galilee itself, an enchanted blue-green puddle deep down in a warm hollow of hills, looked very much as it must have looked 2,000 years ago.

The restaurant, with its cartoon-style murals, was certainly modern. But when our waiter brought in the meal on a huge tray, I recognised fish of the species that Peter and his partners went out to catch—a large, tasty, rather bony kind of lake carp.

Most of the events of the Gospels happen in a few small areas. The Galilee shore is one of these areas and, unless you see it, you are not likely to realise how small it is.

Capernaum, with its ruined synagogue patiently flung together by the Franciscans, is now only a tree-lined field sloping down to the beach.

A few hundred yards away is a low, grassy, gentle hill with a domed chapel on top. This is the scene of the Sermon on the Mount. Close by is a church built over some superb Roman mosaics, and this is the place of the miracle of the loaves and fishes.

Important

These traditionally accepted sites may not be exactly right, but nothing can affect the main point.

The Gospels' Galilean chapters are not about a wandering missionary, plodding hundreds of miles through a vast subcontinent.

They are about somebody strolling through a town which we should call a village, talking to acquaintances on the village green, making little tours on foot but seldom far, going out in a boat but seldom to any distance, and—somehow—convincing the people of that afflicted land that he had brought them something quite different from the life they endured.

The size of the area in which Christ worked is important. For it means that during the year of the Galilean ministry, he was under close observation.

His witnesses would have lived close together, mixed more than we do today, watched narrowly and listened carefully and compared notes.

Nearly all the Galileans who were alive then were still alive the next year when St Peter and the other Apostles began to preach. Many were still alive when St Paul wrote his letters. Some were still alive when the Gospels took shape. And there is no sign that a single one of them came forward to accuse the Christians of distorting the facts.

A Challenge

The argument in the Gospels' favour is a strong one, because it is based on common sense and human nature. But obviously it isn't enough. It itself.

When it comes to the portrayal of Jesus himself, I see no point in discussing these arguments. Instead, I am going to throw out a challenge.

"Say what you like. Say that the Gospels are complete fiction from start to finish. Or that the real Jesus was a kindly lecturer with a simple message, and the writers have turned him into a fantastic, divine Saviour. Or that he was a faith-healer, and the sermons and parables have been added to make him more interesting. Or that he was a mad fanatic, and the Gospels are meant to make him more respectable. It doesn't matter which—the point is that you say the story was invented. All right! But how?"

Consider the teaching, for instance, as we find it in such passages as the Sermon on the Mount.

Perhaps it proves nothing to analyse the teaching itself. A whole science of Comparative Religion has grown up in the last hundred years, and ideas such as the Golden Rule have been traced in India and China.

Perhaps it still proves nothing to draw attention to the unique, mentioned in the Gospels. But

unforgettable language and the power of story-telling. But there is something else.

Jesus talked in Aramaic, a form of Hebrew. But the Gospels are in Greek. Not very long ago a scholar named Burney had the notion of trying to translate the speeches back into the original Aramaic.

He made a startling discovery. These talks delivered to simple audiences—always, remember, with that core of local people who knew Jesus well—turned out to have a clear rhythm. You could sing them. In places they even rhymed.

The central figure of the Gospels is not only a great teacher and storyteller; he is also that still rarer thing, a great popular poet and ballad-maker.

Could anyone have invented him? Could four writers have invented him at the same time?

Because that is what it amounts to. Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John copy from each other and from earlier texts, but each makes his own major contribution—and they all tally.

Next, take the miracles. To say (as some do) that these were gradually added on afterwards, is to go clean against the evidence. Nearly all scholars today agree that Mark, the Gospel with the most miracles, is the earliest of the four.

But in any case, do they look as if they were added?

Expected

Turn again if you like to that pile of data about Middle Eastern religions which research has unearthed in the last hundred years.

Of course, you will find miracles invented right and left. They were expected of religious leaders. But not miracles of this kind.

The miracles outside the Gospels are shams. Legendary Jewish rabble make statues come to life. Simon Magus flies through the air to amaze an emperor. Apollonius vanishes when the Roman army finds him.

Now miracles like these are mentioned in the Gospels. But

notice where. They are mentioned in the story of the Temptation, and they are exactly the ones which Jesus refuses to perform.

"Turn these stones to bread." "Leap down from the Temple." "Make yourself king." These are miracles of the cheap magical type—and Satan is made to propose them. The ones actually performed, the miracles of healing and mercy, are quite different.

In fact, it almost sums up the contrast between Jesus and other wonder-workers to remark that he does not vanish when the Romans arrest him.

Would a writer inventing miracles have invented miracles so different from everyone else's? Would four writers have done so at the same time?

One last question. Many of the sayings of Jesus are cryptic and awe-inspiring.

His words let us face it, often sound like the words of a madman. He says he will be the Judge of Mankind. He says the way to God is through him alone. He claims to be more than mortal: "Before Abraham was, I am."

But he is not mad. In that tiny patch of lake-shore where so many of the inhabitants know him, the peasants and fishermen regard him as wise, shrewd, sympathetic. Women trust their children with him. Somehow the incredible mixture makes sense.

If the Gospels are fiction, then we have to picture four unequally imaginative writers guessing springing up together in the same area within a few years of each other. This I cannot do.

When you turn away from Tiberias towards Hattin, you do not exactly leave the water behind. You leave it below. One moment it is there, shimmering greenish-blue at the bottom of its natural bowl. The next moment you are crossing rocky uplands in a different climate, and the Sea of Galilee has gone.

NEXT WEEK

The men who followed Christ

(London Express Service).

JACOBY on BRIDGE

Overcall Is Costly Bid

SOUTH'S two spade overcall is an example of a weakness of many rubber bridge players. Of course, he knew he was taking a chance but he did not want to give up the rubber without a struggle and he did have a good six card suit and a side ace.

West doubled and opened the three of clubs. East won with the king and played the diamond queen.

South took his ace and led a club. East was in again and played his spade. South's ten

NORTH		25
74	25985	
2904	Q5	
WEST (1)		EAST
4Q96	2	K764
10	2	Q3
K10072	2	K10065
32	2	
SOUTH		
KJ10003		
32		
A5		
874		
Both vulnerable. East and West 40 on score.		
West	North	East
1	Pass	2
Double	Pass	2
Opening lead—4		

lost to West's queen and West cashed the trump ace while East signalled with the seven of hearts.

Now West played the king of diamonds and ace and ten of hearts. South did not cover in dummy but East played the king anyway and cashed the ten of clubs.

South was now down three tricks and East led a fourth club. This play establishes West's line of trumps as another trick since if South trumped high West would simply discard. South had paid 1,100 points for the luxury of an overcall.

Q-CARD SENSE

The bidding has been:

South West North East

1♣ Pass 1♠ Pass

2♣ Pass 4♠ Pass

You, South, holds:

♠A987 ♣KQJ2 ♦KQ ♣A10954

What do you do?

A-Bid four spades only. You have tremendous distribution but you have opened the bidding and jumped with only 12 points in high cards.

TODAY'S QUESTION

Your partner continues with a bid of five spades. What do you do now?

(Answer on Monday)

TARGET

How many of your letters or more can you make from the letters in the left hand making each letter only once.

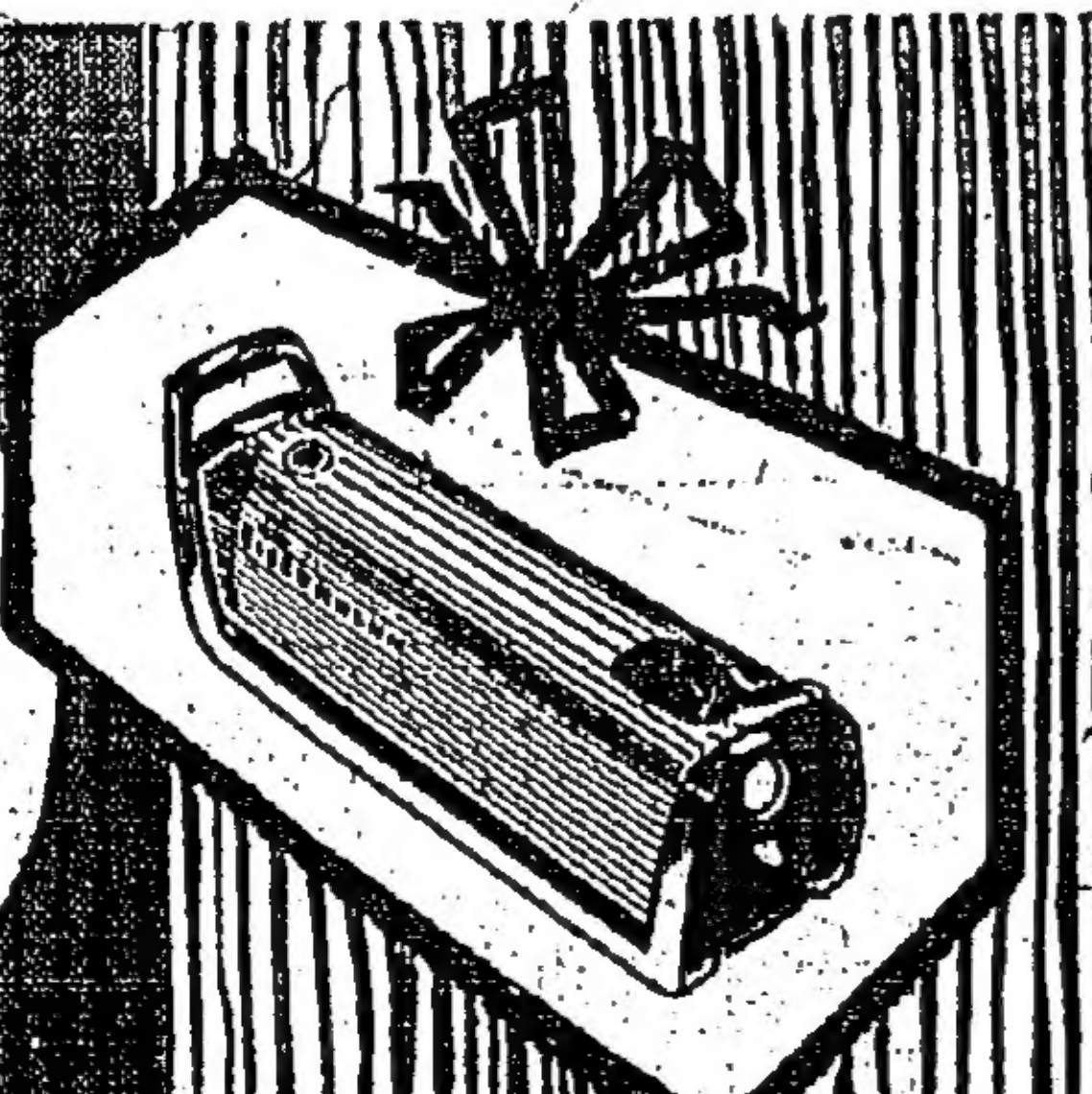
The small squares may be used once only. Each word must contain at least one letter from the left hand. No plurals, no foreign words, no proper names, no numbers, no words of more than 10 letters, no words of more than 10 letters.

YESTERDAY'S SOLUTION: After his first guess in the puzzle, one of our prize winners wrote: "I've got it! I've got it! I've got it!"

(London Express Service).

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WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

★ ★ ★

VERONICA PAWORTH

HERE'S MY IDEA OF BLISS

Home... and
nothing
to do but
POTTER

THE advantages of being what is euphemistically known as a Career Girl are many—as no doubt the average housewife will be infuriated to hear once again. But those advantages are not all they seem.

To my friends who sit at home happy as birds on their nests, it appears (on the very rare occasions when my "work" crops up in conversation) that my life is one fascinating whirl of "all those divine men" expense accounts, unlimited free clothes "after the models have worn them" "such interesting people" and "what is Giles like—I mean really."

A non-starter

Since I claim to be married to the most "divine" of men... am two inches shorter in the waist than the average model and have never set eyes on Giles, my career, conversationwise, is generally a non-starter.

What is guaranteed to keep the girls arguing for the next 20 minutes is my firm belief that for every woman who works, there is nothing to equal the delights of HOME. When she can get them.

Home without the routine... home with all the time in the world to do all the thousand and one things I am always meaning to do... Oh, the bliss of it!

Like almost every other woman I'm a born "potterer." The trouble is that, given a sudden, unexpected 48 hours in my house on my own—as happened to me last week—I simply could not think where to begin.

Shave our heads?

"Let's do something absolutely mad," said I to my son who had stayed behind with me.

"Like shaving our heads?" said he happily.

"Not exactly—something that would still seem funny tomorrow."

In the end we wallpapered the insides of some cupboards (in a great splashy rose print) with striking, if amateurish, results.

But it was not quite what I had in mind.

Inevitably we are all of us, business women or home birds, caught up in a routine of some kind—eating at mealtime, ducking into bed at bedtime, washing our backs, taking our turn, standing in line, minding our own business, keeping to the left... and so on.

The choice

Occasionally comes the urge to stay in bed till tea-time... to talk to total strangers... to choose lobster for breakfast... colour-rinse the dog sky blue... sleep out under the stars... see what pale green pearl, varnished toenails really look like... Maybe I got as close as any woman could get to an entirely feminine picnic at home on the evening of my 48 hours' semi-solitude.

I was lying in my bath when the telephone rang. It was one of the nicest and most sensible women I know.

Reply

"What are you doing, dear?" she asked. "Are you utterly miserable on your own?"

"When you telephoned," I told her happily, "I was lying in a radioactive therapeutic bath with a rejuvenating, tonic mask on

my face, sipping iced rum and yoghurt, peeling rose-patterned wallpaper off my legs and wondering if I might dye the dog blue."

"Are you all right, dear? Did you say you were

flash to satisfy herself I hadn't taken leave of my senses."

Twenty minutes later, smothered in tonic mask, she tried out her first iced rum and yoghurt. She loved it.

Vee Pee Again

Buying furs?
Then watch
your
line

IT is regrettable but true that the average British woman is five feet two and pear-shaped.

The results of a survey published by the Stationery Office are available, price 1s. 3d., to prove it.

Which means that she must



practice considerable restraint when choosing furs.

A pear shape into a shaggy-dog shape WON'T GO—well, not with any success fashion-wise.

Considerable pitfalls lie ahead for her too in the shape of fur-trimmed coats and suits for autumn and winter.

Giant bolster collars, all snugly and soft, make a singularly unbecoming line—filling in from the tip of the ear to the shoulder seams—creating a seemingly neckless wonder.

The wide, long-haired variety can be even more remarkable—conjecturing up an impression of the head served up on a hairy plate.

Look before you leap at those furs—look at yourself full-length and from all angles.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

WHAT I always say is, there's nothing quite like tea out of doors. Yes, you sit here and I'll sit here and sandwiches, dear?

"Now... keep PERFECTLY STILL... don't MOVE... if only a wisp!"

BUT CHOOSE
YOUR PARTNER
WITH CARE

INTRODUCING the just-above-the-ankle-length gown—the most interesting news in formal evening dressing to come out of Paris.

This one in heavy white guipure lace has a black velvet ribbon sash. I like the length...

BECAUSE it is manageable. BECAUSE it is comfortable to dance in.

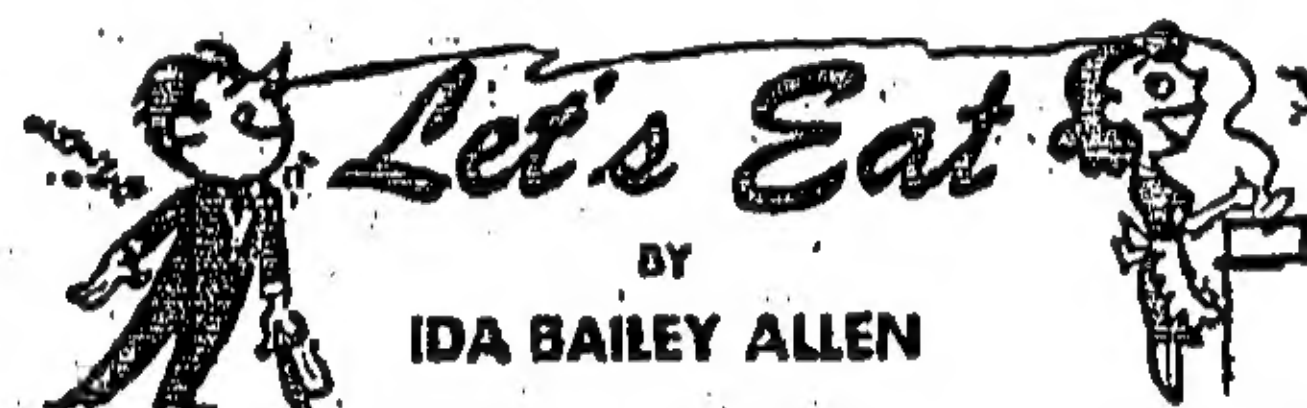
BECAUSE one could get in and out of a present-day car gracefully when wearing it.

But this new length, focusing first attention on the hemline, demands pretty feet and perfect shoes. Which means picking your dancing partner carefully—and no wadded toes.

The cape covers a low-cut evening dress with a shoulder-line dipping almost to the waist at the back.

Capes are new. Princess Alexandra's Australian tour wardrobe includes a beauty in sharp red over a matching dress.

Dress by Bob Thompson. Photo by John A. Brown.

Make The Most
Of Beans

"DO most home-makers make the best use of dried beans?" the Chef asked.

"Unfortunately, Chef, they do not," I told him. "Probably because many do not know how to use them, or feel they take too long to prepare."

"Dried beans are valuable foods. They are classed as secondary proteins. But add a little meat when cooking them, or serve them in a meal containing a small amount of meat, fish, cheese, eggs or milk, their proteins are combined and activated and they become important protein building blocks in the body."

For A Main Dish

"For example, Madame, if one served plain baked beans for the main dish, the protein needed could be furnished by a first course of sardines or ham salad; or a cream soup or cottage cheese on lettuce."

"Or it could be in the form of a dessert such as ice cream, or a custard or pudding. Chef, made with milk and eggs. A meal based on dried beans once or twice a week adds variety and is a real money saver."

Tomorrow's Dinner

Cabbage-Celery Slaw
Boston Baked Beans
Braised Frankfurters
Fried Potatoes
Sautéed Green Peppers
Fruit Cocktail Pie
Coffee, Tea, Milk

All Measurements Are Level
Recipes Proportioned to Serve 4 to 6

Cooked Baked Beans: Melt 2½ tbs. butter or margarine in a qt. double boiler top.

Stir in ½ tsp. dry mustard, ½ tsp. salt, ½ tsp. sugar and ½ tsp. cornstarch. Beat and add 1 egg. Stir in ¾ c. sweet or commercial sour cream, or undiluted evaporated milk. Cook-stir over boiling water until it thickens.

Then, with a rotary beater, gradually beat in ¼ c. cider vinegar. Cook and beat about 3 min., or until the consistency of heavy cream.

Refrigerate in a covered jar. Fruit Cocktail Pie: Bake a 9" pie shell.

Before baking, press dry flaked coconut into the crust at the edge. Prepare 1 pie, any desired Vitamin C fruit gelatin using only 1½ c. water. Refrigerate until set.

Add 2 c. drained canned fruit cocktail. Refrigerate until beginning to thicken; spoon into the pie shell. Refrigerate 3 hrs., or until firm.

Top with whipped cream, or dust with more dry flaked coconut, toasted palm brown.

LADY LUCK

your
CHINA MAIL
horoscope

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 5

AQUARIUS (January 21-February 19): Since you dislike unpleasant scenes, you must try and avoid unnecessary arguments which lead nowhere.

PISCES (February 20-March 20): You will contribute considerably to the great success of a party to which you will be invited at the last moment.

ARIES (March 21-April 19): Don't be tempted to lose control of your emotions, but keep some things unsaid if they are likely to get you into trouble.

TAURUS (April 20-May 20): A few days of complete rest will do you a world of good and help you to solve your most urgent problems.

GEMINI (May 21-June 21): An experience gained some time ago will serve you well when encountering a rather delicate situation at home.

CANCER (June 22-July 21): Although the family may disapprove of your ambitions, don't let their attitude hamper your progress.

LEO (July 22-August 21): Your uncritical love for those near you is liable to make you overlook any faults they may have.

VIRGO (August 22-September 22): Since you find it difficult to break away from your daily routine, you ought to use every spare moment for some relaxing pastime.

LIBRA (September 23-October 22): You will be able in the not so distant future to reveal your true feelings to a person who until now has thought you rather cool and distant.

SCORPIO (October 23-November 21): Since you possess the necessary mental and physical equipment, you can accept an unusual challenge without hesitation.

SAGITTARIUS (November 22-December 21): This ought to be a day full of interest for you which may mark the beginning of a lasting association.

CAPRICORN (December 22-January 20): Your courage and faith are most enviable traits and are an inspiration to others to face life with greater fortitude.

LUCKY ENCOUNTER: If this is your birthday, a meeting with a man named ROGER may have some special significance.

SPECIAL OCCASIONS

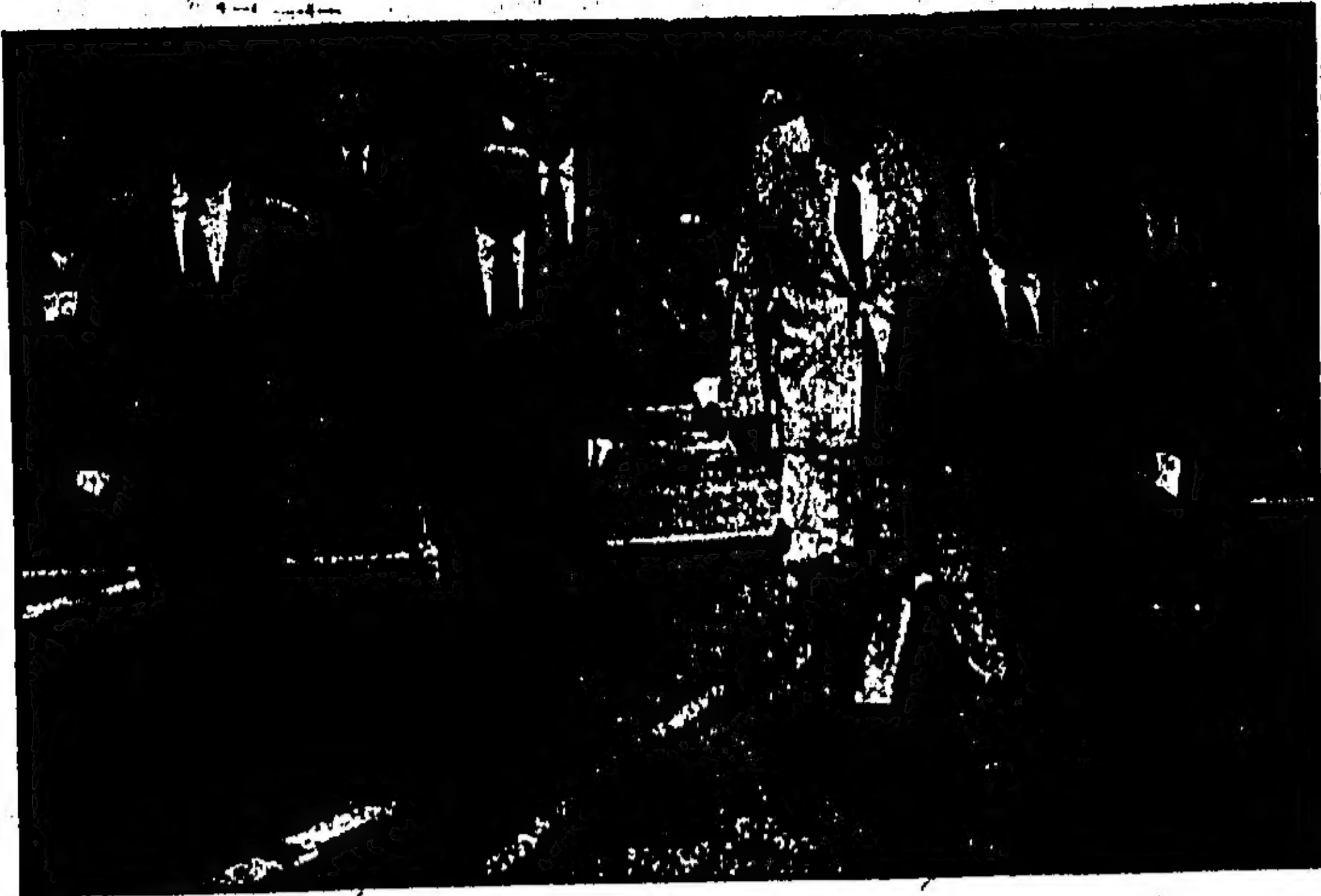
"Important visitors, V.I.P.s for Fred... and a strenuous time for me too... after that long drive on their last afternoon showing them some of the sights... we had only enough time to bathe and change... and then we took them for dinner to one of the newest nightspots... I might have thought I'd be just a little tired... but it turned out to be a wonderful evening... one of those evenings when everything goes right... when you know you're at your best, looking your loveliest..."

Thanks partly to that Knight's Castle bath... as always! Carol has a way of managing things... of rising to any occasion... cool, bright and refreshed. It's a lucky gift. And she also uses Knight's Castle every day. That helps. Mild, pure and expensively perfumed, the real luxury toilet soap. Try this gentle soap. Use it daily for a spell and find out for yourself how it will help to keep you looking your loveliest always!



Look your loveliest
WITH
KNIGHT'S CASTLE
TOILET SOAP





ABOVE: Mr F. M. Castro, Hon. Secretary of the Hongkong Prisoners of War Association (second from right), seen as he walks to the Cenotaph to lay a wreath on the occasion of the anniversary of Hongkong's liberation.



LEFT: At the corner-stone laying ceremony of the new Kowloon Rhenish School at U Tat Chee Avenue, Yau Yat Chuen, last week (l-r): Dr H. K. Pang, Mr C. C. Cheng and Mr D. J. S. Crozier (Director of Education).



LEFT: At the farewell dinner to Mr W. H. Williams, retiring Deputy Director of Audit, held at the Majestic Restaurant recently (l-r): Mr F. E. L. Carter, Mr W. H. Williams, Mr P. T. Warr.



ABOVE: Mr and Mrs Kenneth H. Wheeler after their wedding at the Registry recently. The bride is the former Miss Winifred L. Stevens.



ABOVE: Air Commodore P. D. Holder (right), Air Officer Commanding, RAF Hongkong, presents the Commander-in-Chief's testimonial to Sergeant J. D. Fenwick in a ceremony at RAF Kai Tak recently.



ABOVE: Jim Bullington, 13 (left), American newspaperboy who won a round-trip cruise to the Orient for himself and his mother in a newspaper subscription contest, seen here with a friend during his visit to the Colony recently.



ABOVE: Mr Claude Burgess, Officer Administering the Government (left), arriving at St John's Cathedral on Sunday to attend the Liberation Day service. Greeting him is Sir John Kinloch.



ABOVE: Miss Ho Chung-chung, principal of the True - Light Middle School, seen laying the corner-stone of the School's new building. Looking on are Mr Eric Cumine (right) and Mr Lam Chik-suen.



RIGHT: Mr and Mrs Henry Wat Wai-kin seen after their wedding at the Registry last week. The bride is the former Miss Pauline Woo Mo-yee.



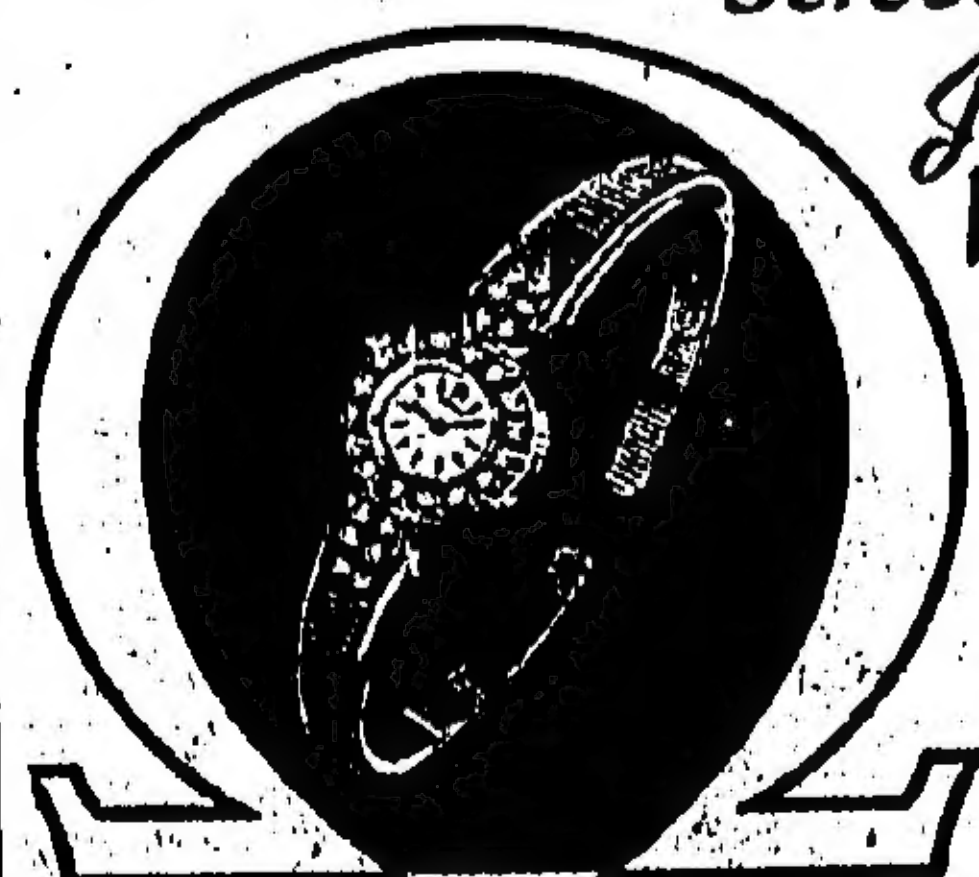
RIGHT: Mr and Mrs Patrick Alexander Highott Spilly after their wedding at St Andrew's Church last week. The bride is the former Miss Margaret Colmans.



ABOVE: At the Royal Hongkong Defence Force's celebration of Liberation Day at the Sergeants' Mess, Volunteer Centre, last week (l-r): Mr Claude Burgess (Officer Administering the Government), Mr D. Knott, Mr C. A. J. V. Ribeiro and Mr Tang Kam-hing.

OMEGA

There is a wonderful selection of Jewelled Watches for Ladies



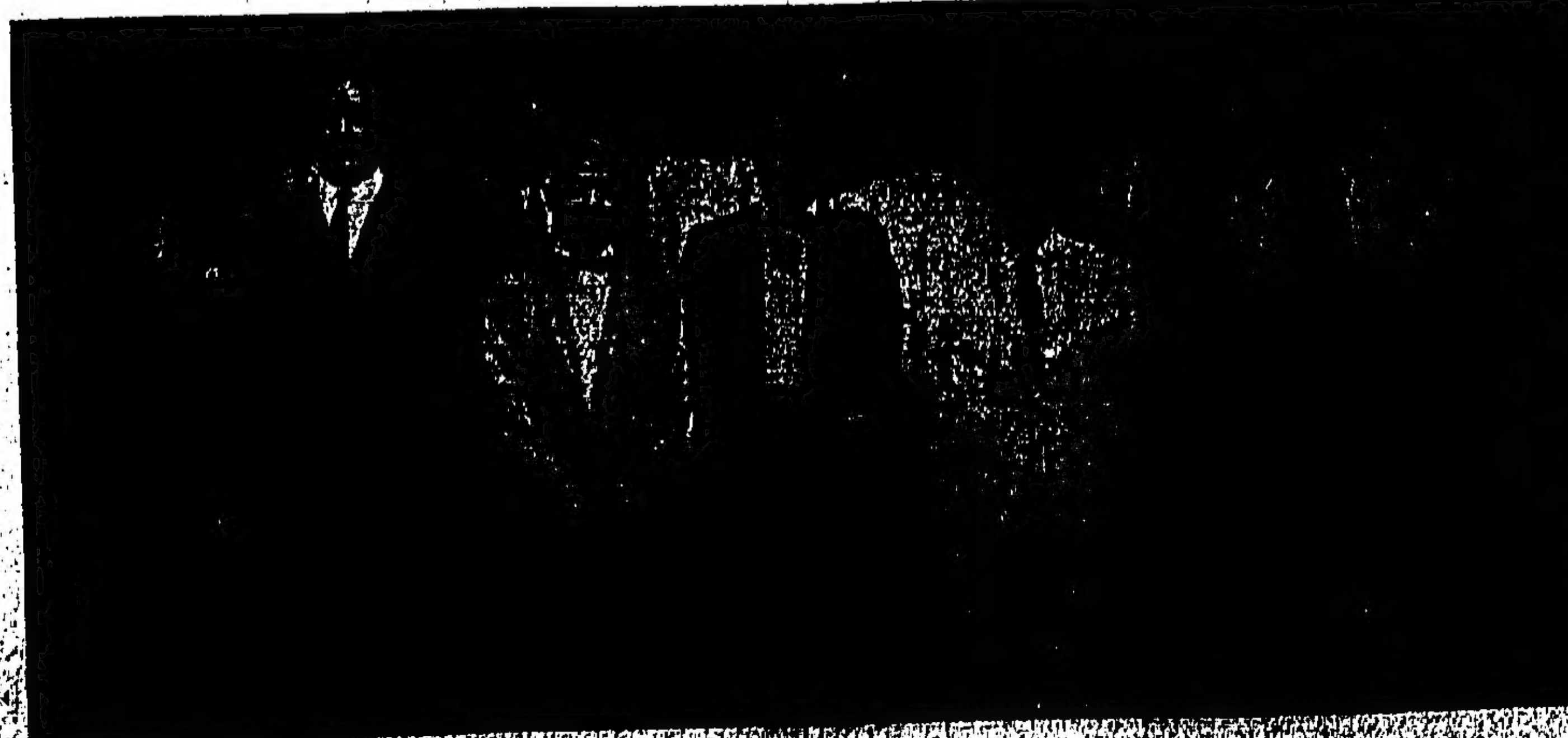
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OMEGA

See Agents: CHITTS LTD.



ABOVE: Six members of the Union Church, Kennedy Road, were ordained Deacons on Sunday, and a seventh—ordained a Deacon in Singapore—was admitted as a Deacon. The seven are seen here (l-r) in the front row: Mr J. M. Fraser, Mr H. E. P. Gentry, Dr J. C. Hall, Mr W. H. Watson, Mr H. Noble, Mr W. S. Anderson and Mr H. M. Howell. Rev. R. C. Symington, who officiated, is seen in the back row, third from left.

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GILMAN



LEFT: At the Ikebana flower arrangement meeting held at the Wing On Mess Hall recently (l-r): Mrs P. J. Evans and Miss E. MacCormac.

ABOVE: Mr Stanley Rich held a cocktail party at the Correspondents' Club last week. Seen is part of the large gathering on the lawn of the Club.

RIGHT: Mr and Mrs Alexander F. Mamak who were married recently in Sydney. The bride is the former Miss Natalie Georgievna Ivanovsky, and the groom is the son of Mr and Mrs Victor Mamak, of Hongkong.



ABOVE: At the Ben Line cocktails given recently at the firm's premises (l-r): Mr R. Thorman, Mr H. A. Castro and Mr A. G. Parker.



ABOVE: At the farewell party given to Dr and Mrs K. G. Hobart by the Council of Social Service on Thursday (l-r): Dr E. Ballou, Dr Hobart and Mr E. W. Wilmott.



ABOVE: At the Hongkong and Kowloon Watch and Clock Association's anniversary celebrations held at the Cafe de Chine recently (l-r): Mr Tse Chu-cheung, Mr Kwok Chan, Mr Chan Pang-fes and Mr Poon Yuen-pung.



ABOVE: At the cocktail reception given by the Sony Corporation of Japan marking the opening of their branch office here this week (l-r): Mr Law Kin-kwai and Mr Akio Morita.



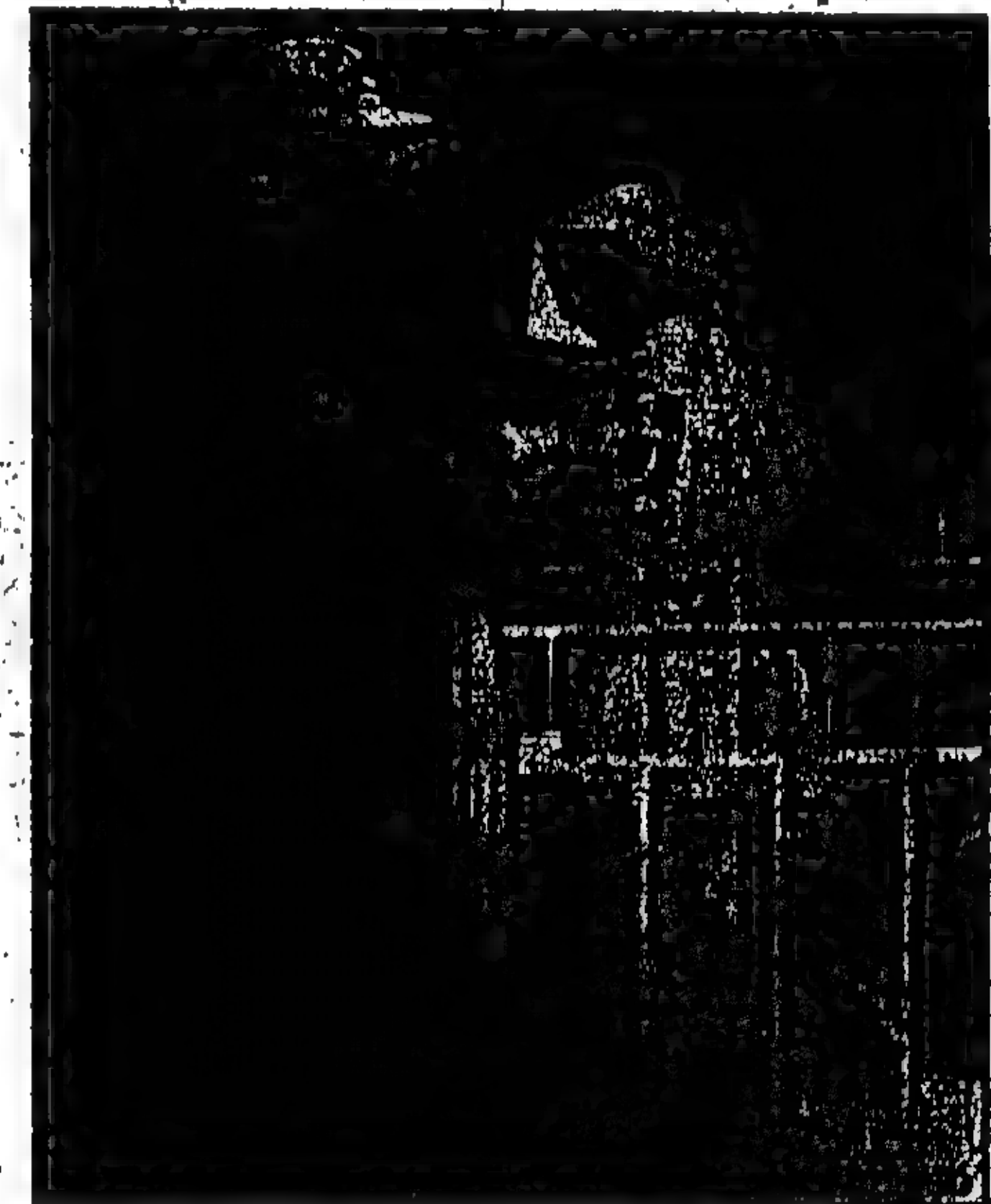
ABOVE: At the farewell party for Professor and Mrs E. S. Kirby given by Mr F. M. de Mello Kamath, Commissioner for India, and Mrs Kamath (l-r): Mrs N. C. Mishna, Mrs Kamath, Mrs Kirby, Mr Kamath, Prof. Kirby and Mr N. C. Mishna.



ABOVE: At the cocktails given by the Bank of America for Mr M. R. Ahuja, the Bank's representative in India, when he arrived in the Colony recently (l-r): Mrs F. M. de Mello Kamath, Mr E. De Jong, Mr Ahuja, Mrs De Jong and Mrs Ahuja.

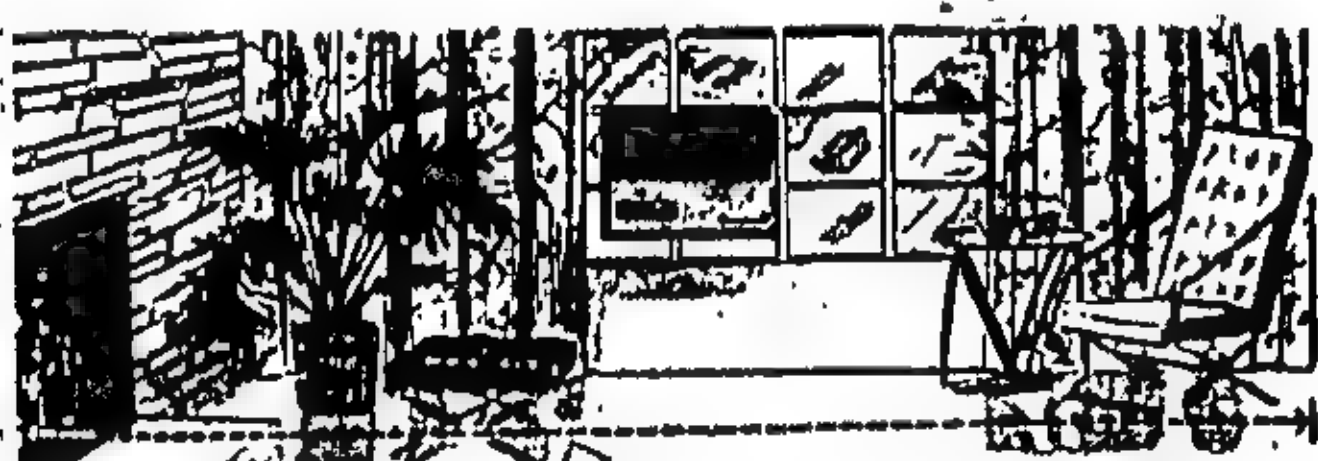


ABOVE: At the opening of the Vocational Training Centre for the Blind by Mr O. F. Hamilton, president of the Kowloon Rotary Club, recently (l-r): Mr C. E. Terry, Mr Jimi Moodie, Mr Hamilton.



ABOVE: Mrs C. B. Burgess, wife of the Officer Administering the Government, says hello to a young patient during her recent visit to the Sandy Bay Children's Convalescent Home.

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ABOVE: Mr J. M. Fraser (foreground) talks with one of the many children who flocked to the Children's Library opened formally by him at Central Terrace, at West Point recently. Behind him are (l-r): Rev. Fr. J. Howes, son, Miss E. Pedwell, Mrs Kam Wong Yee, and Mrs. M. Chan.

Tonight's Floorshows

GLADYS KALANI

★ ★ ★

with the sensational
MISS GERY SCOTT
with Igor Fischer at the Piano

Music by: Posing Garcia & his Dynamic Dancers
Vocalist: Lee vi Minds

THE GOLDEN PLEASURES

First Floor, Mason House, Nathan Rd., Kowloon.
FOR RESERVATIONS PHONE 44125

Roderick Mann

TOP COLUMN OF
SHOW BUSINESS

Monty Clift weeps: 'The price of fame is high'



Now Gina Lollobrigida gets the Hollywood gloss. The hair style is changed, the eyebrows lightened. The eyelashes are picked out, the mouth softened. In Hollywood film, never so far from Frank Sinatra, Italy's pride and joy emerges, alas, with that all-too-familiar chocolate-box look. A look in which there is quite a lot of her glamorous Italian rival, Sophia Loren. (Right) The old Lollo.



IT was an extraordinary encounter. A brief, penetrating glimpse into the unhappy mind of one of Hollywood's youngest and—you may think—greatest virtuosos: Montgomery Clift.

Ninety restless minutes during which time he alternately wept, mimicked me, lay on the floor, swore and pretended to be deaf.

His new film, *Suddenly, Last Summer*—in which he co-stars with Elizabeth Taylor and Katharine Hepburn—had just been completed.

It is a raw, emotional, Tennessee Williams shocker and even as he paced the floor of his hotel suite—while the long-player in the next room echoed Sinatra—Clift was still tense.

"I play the doctor," he said.

"It's a long part, but a juicy part. There's no spark. The others, Liz and Katie, they spark off me."

One of the few

I asked if he had discussed the part with Tennessee Williams—recalling how he had made a special journey to see author James Jones about his role in *From Here to Eternity*.

He looked at me bleakly.

"No. Tennessee doesn't give a damn—as long as he gets his film rights. I never even met him. James Jones cared. So I went to see him."

"You must be one of the few actors ever to bother seeking out an author?" I said.

He looked hard at me.

"Yes? Hey, what a bore I must be. What a damn, dreary bore."

"Not if it helps you turn in a good performance," I said.

"What did you think of me in *The Young Lions*?" he asked.

"It was a fine performance," I said.

Tears coursed down his cheeks. He wept silently, and without embarrassment. And

the words, no longer hesitant, tumbled over themselves.

"I was proud of that. That was one of the few films I was really proud of. But you know the only impact it had on some people? It was my first film after I'd had my car crash in Hollywood—and when people saw my face on the screen they shrieked. 'Oh, God—poor Monty. What's happened to his face?'"

"I'd lost 12lb. to play the part, you see, and had my ears glued forward. I wanted to look like a rodent, that's why. Lean and slim like a rodent. Or let's say a rat passing for a mouse. But they didn't see that. Oh, no. All they saw was that my face looked different and they shrieked."

So pleased

"Are you ever moved by your own performances on the screen?" I asked.

"What's that?" he said sharply.

"What's that?" he said sharply.

"You've got nice teeth. I wish I had teeth like those. I hate mine. How did you get teeth like those?"

Then he was back to the original question.

"Of course I'm moved if I've got the part right. I cried when I saw myself in *The Young Lions*. There was that scene with the girl in Brooklyn, you know. It was so good I didn't even realize it was me. I was so pleased and proud."

"Are you proud of many of your pictures?"

He laughed wildly and buried his head in his hands.

"That's a pretty silly question."

"Is it?"

"Of course it is. How can any actor be proud of many of his pictures? There was only one other picture that really meant anything to me, and that was *Lonely Hearts*."

"One of the worst things you've ever done," I said.

—(London Express Service).



"I'm proud of *Lonely Hearts*," he said.

"That and *The Young Lions*. Nothing else."

He fumbled for a cigarette, and lit the cork-tipped end.

He mimicked

I asked: "Did your car crash change you at all. It was a pretty bad bash, wasn't it?"

"Oh, yes," he mimicked. "It was a bad bash all right. A terribly bad bash."

"No, of course it didn't change me. I'm exactly the same person I was before. And this is the same face. My nose was broken in two places, and my cheek got gouged and my teeth had to be straightened. But now it's just as it was before. I ought to know. It's my face."

His eyes grew wet again.

Suddenly he flung himself on the floor and lay stretched out, his suit crumpled, his face buried in the carpet.

"Since you first went to Hollywood you've worked very hard to keep your private life to yourself," I said. "Do the trappings of stardom really appeal to you so much?"

High price

He looked up from the carpet.

"Some actors get their satisfaction from giving performances. Others get theirs from giving autographs. You have to pay a high price to be a public figure, and I find it offensive. And you have to be polite all the time. That's difficult. I can be polite in the morning and in the afternoon, but by the time five o'clock comes, he shrugged his shoulders despairingly.

I left the talented, tortured Monty Clift standing shoeless by the door, his suit crumpled, his face awry.

"It hasn't been much good, has it?" he said. "I kept trying to think of things to say but I couldn't."

—(London Express Service).

Miss Hahn, 17, talks of her 'past'

LIMELIGHT by
Thomas Wiseman

MISS PAULINE HAHN, a 17-year-old veteran of American show-business, has been brought to London to play the lead in the film of *Pick-Up Girl*.

Miss Hahn, looking like a youngish 12-year-old, met me the other evening at the Dorchester bar and with truly frightening aplomb ordered a screwdriver (vodka and orange juice), lit a long cigarette and began to tell me all about herself and her "Past." Which is somehow more considerable than the "Past" of any other 17-year-old I have encountered.

Just kid's stuff

"I've been in this business 15 years," said Miss Hahn with faint nostalgia, giving me an indulgent smile. "That is to say," she added, "professionally."

"Before that I didn't take it very seriously. Up to the age of two I was really just an amateur, you know."

"I was 'discovered' by my mother when I was 10 months old. She claims she perceived some remarkable talent in me."

As a matter of fact, I could sing rather well.

"But that was just kid's stuff, you know. I didn't get into the business proper until I was... oh... nearly two."

Then I had an act on radio together with my brother. Of course he was a lot older than me. He was five.

"We also did a show at that time up in the resorts, entertaining hotel guests. I wouldn't say we made an overnight hit, it wasn't until I was almost four that I got this TV show."

"I did singing and dancing and ventriloquising on that. Then, when I was seven, I got my big break in a Mike Todd show on Broadway called *As The Girls Go*.

Low salaries

"All the other children in the show were all over Mike Todd, squealing and kissing him and all that, but he didn't like being kissed by children and I didn't hold with all that stuff—playing up to parents, kissing him or anything."

"I was getting 85 dollars a week. I know that doesn't sound much but salaries were considerably lower in those days, the unions weren't properly established yet in those days."

"I mean, I'll give you an example. When I went on the Ed Sullivan show I got 150 dollars and the following week Martin and Lewis appeared and they got 200 dollars for the two of them."

"That was when I was about eight. Of course later on I got a lot more. On the Arthur Godfrey show—that's when I was 18—I got 1,200 dollars. At the same time I was appearing on Broadway in *Cat On A Hot Tin Roof* so it was a remunerative period for me."

—(London Express Service).

GIRL ON A DIET...

WITH uncharacteristic discretion Mr Irving ("If I get a literate script I throw it in the waste-paper basket") Allen has been building a star, a hobby in which film producers sometimes indulge to their cost.

Two years ago Mr Allen, of the firm of Warwick Films, spotted a plumpish (11st.) dark-haired girl announcing on television. She immediately kindled a starmaker's glint in his tough, wily old eyes.

★

The girl was ANNE AUBREY. Mr Allen gave her a contract. And the age-old Pygmalion treatment began.

Miss Aubrey, the daughter of a Fulham lampmaker with no previous acting experience, was going to become a star.

Mr Allen had said so. Slowly, at first, the star-making machinery went into action. Drama lessons. Voice production. Singing lessons. Dieting. Mainly dieting.

Today, Miss Aubrey, aged 22, is a smooth and sexy blonde of 8st. something. Fulham has been eradicated from her personality.

She lives in a flat, tastefully furnished, in Montagu Square, and she has a very pink complexion.

"I don't go out much. I haven't any serious boy friends. I don't meet anyone except actors. You can't get serious interested in actors."

"Yes, perhaps life is a bit dull. But the world is already full of dull people."

—(London Express Service).



And now she is to be rewarded with her first starring role—in a film called *Confession*.

"I eat steaks and salads and plain cooked meat," she told me with the air of a staid disciplinarian. "I can't drink. It's fattening. I work all the time. When I'm not filming I have lessons."

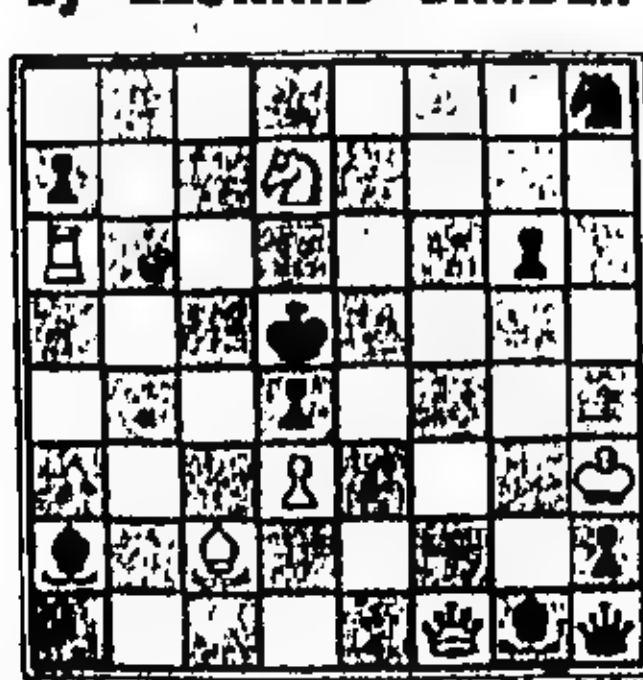
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"Yes, perhaps life is a bit dull. But the world is already full of dull people."

—(London Express Service).

CHESS

by LEONARD BARDEN



Here is a problem specially contributed by E. L. Baxter (Chessie). White to play and mate in two moves. RxB. 1 QxR 2 RxB. 3—Kt Oh! 3 Kt wins for 1 3 QxR. 4—Kt mate.

London Express Service.

BLUE NUN

LABEL

THE CREAM OF ALL
LIEBFRAUMILCH

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NEW BOOKS by GEORGE MILLAR

IF YOU DON'T FANCY GIN WITHOUT THE FRENCH

A SCANDINAVIAN film actress of predatory aspect confessed recently to one of my colleagues in New York: "I have two passions. Gin and the French."

To which he replied, "Then your only other need must be ice."

For, like me, he dislikes gin separately, or sharp vermouth, yet is not averse to them in unison, proportioned nine to one, very cold.

However, I learned in a new autobiography, **DON'T TYPE IN BED**, by Peggy Warner (Angus & Robertson, 25s.), of another use for this colourless and sickly alcohol. It can help to make an excellent Japanese dish called Sukiyaki.

Off aim

Melt a knob of butter in a frying-pan. (Mrs Warner says fat, but I don't agree.) Throw in some ringed leeks and onions, gently brown in a little sugar. Just show the pan's heat to each side of minute steaks, then add mushrooms, a good dollop of soy sauce and a lot of gin. Further, Mrs Warner suggests, steaks or chops are good

UPLIFT

THE DARKNESS OUT-
SIDE, by George Johnston
(Collins, 12s.).

ON the island of Hydra, where white windmills offer their roller-receded sails to the fierce north winds of the Aegean, lives George Johnston, now 46, who

can write like the Ukrainian-born T. S. K. Korzeniewski, known to us and loved as Joseph Conrad.

Mr Johnston's new novel is about a party of archaeologists doing a dig on the banks of the Tigris. Their tented village is isolated in a dusty wilderness.

The splendid leader, Professor Purcell, has been digging there for three years to establish his belief in a Sumerian civilisation, wiped out thousands of years ago. Purcell himself saves the life of an old stranger, an Englishman who has wandered scouter-brained into the desert.

From his sickbed the Englishman spreads insidious poison. He raves that Europe has been destroyed by atomic disaster or plague and that the hordes of China are on the march, slaughtering. One of Purcell's

team, the pompous German Steindorf, is dismayed as are the two American women.

Thanks to Steindorf's fear, spying, and meddling, all the native workmen desert after murdering their beak-faced foreman. In these dangerous circumstances Purcell makes his big discovery—gold doors, underground chambers, fettered skeletons. The impact is shattering.

He is able to safeguard his crowning discovery, but he dies. Only two of the party are saved. They are all, even Steindorf, worth saving, and if the end is sad it is uplifting.

Mr Johnston's writing is packed with imagery. His gentle fingers claw into tortured minds, and the pace is lively. How fresh and vital it is. Much the best book of the week.

GUSTO

LIFE IN FOR LIVING, by Elizabeth Stuckey (Hend, 12s.).

A WELL-BORN product of a Devon, full of de'il and energy, Miss Stuckey describes her own life. "Six feet tall, broad in proportion... the sort of figure that cried out for a dressing-gown falling off one shoulder and a tame lamb."

In these memoirs, she romps through the last years of her life in France with those British

charmers-in-uniform, the M.T.C. Then the blitz, when she worked for Lady Kennel, and later the Board of Trade.

HONESTY

ONE MAN'S ISLAND, by Elizabeth Ashe (Longman, 12s.).

IF Mr Johnston is Conrad pure, Miss Ashe is Somerset Maugham without the crisp acid touch, the remorseless dissection of women that pays off so well.

Stanford, a poor Englishman, lives pleasantly on an island in the Indian Ocean. His love affair with a visiting Englishwoman is clean and real.

I liked the flavour of this book, its serenity, its honesty. Elizabeth Ashe is a pseudonym. The island and the main characters are surely based on firm reality.

QUICK FLIPS

THE SCULPTURE OF THE PARTHENON, by P. E. Corbett (Penguin, 5s.). A lovely little book. Painlessly instructive. To my mind the subtle Parthenon is The Wonder of the World. THE HOT HALF HOUR, by Robert L. Foreman (Angus & Robertson, 12s. 6d.). About an American TV quiz programme and its sponsors. Fast but readable.

(London Express Service).

JAMES THURBER writes his best yet—about the man who made him and disliked his dogs!

NEXT time you see a humorous weekly magazine called The New Yorker give a thought to a man with a knitting needle, Harold Wallace Ross. The New Yorker was his creation, his love, his Frankenstein, his life.

He died in 1951, aged 59, if there be freedom in the spirit world a disembodied Ross prowls the office he founded in 1925, growling as he scans next week's copy.

His writing fancy, detecting hated words like "little" and "pretty", scrutinising funny drawings for double-unintended—phallic symbols.

Ross demanded humour that was clear, concise, and clean. Yet he could only talk in a stream of profanity.

BAFFLING

He seemed impenetrably unhumorous. He rarely laughed, but sometimes throw back his strange Colorado head and sounded a barking guffaw.

Judging by my own reactions, he would have barked his way through THE YEARS WITH ROSS, by James Thurber, published by Hamish Hamilton.

Mr Thurber went to work for Ross as a writer when The New Yorker was five years old and losing money.

Thurber had always doodled dogs on loose bits of paper and never thought anything of them. Ross NEVER thought anything of them, and was baffled by their popularity in America.

"How the hell did you get the idea you could DRAW?" he asked Thurber. But his opinion of all artists except one was low. "Artists stay home at night drinking soft drinks in cold sitting-rooms. They can't ride on trains, or drive after dark, or eat clams."

The exception, Curtis Arnoux, Peters, who, fresh from Yale but with a New York job as a pianist, entered the office in gym shoes with a sheaf of drawings.

A GAMBLE

These, signed Peter Arno, helped to lift him and Ross up the nursery slopes of prosperity and into the success funicular.

Ross liked gambling, and it cost him plenty. He was so shy that he dreaded meeting his own employees in the corridors, and he was "Never leave me alone with poets"—the reverse of an aesthete.

Apart from Rebecca West and Janet Flanner he tended to dislike women journalists. He used his white knitting needle as a pointer. Before he took to it he mused up many drawings with a thick, editorial pencil.

His function, as is that of all good editors, was a ruthless drive for accuracy, ideas, clarity. The writer of one profile found 144 queries from Ross in the margins of his proofs.

EFFICIENCY

Fascinating reading. Even Mr Thurber has never written better—or with surer touch. One is left with the impression that but for Ross's efforts The New Yorker would never have been. And that that quality of discipline, of efficiency in the magazine, which repels some readers, may also have emanated from him.

At least he has a tombstone that turns down a quarter-million dollars' worth of ads. a year.

MAMMOTH

SOME CAME RUNNING BY JAMES JONES (Collins, 21s.).

PARKMAN, a town on a hilltop in the Illinois prairie, is still expanding, after the war-time boom. Dave Hirsch, demoted, gets home with a nest-pot of poker winnings. His brother Frank owns Parkman's main jewellery shop, and only secretly plots his record with resources to sex and the bottle.

Dave, a writer and a gambler, refuses to be outwardly respectable. The brothers rasp on each other like a file on case-hardened steel. Dave takes up with "Bama Dillert, a gambler.

Dillert, tall, thin, swayed-backed, with a small hanging pouch, is simple yet attractive. The rate

him one of the best characters in modern American fiction. Dave of course seeks love. He loves a woman who, at 35, is pure, and afraid of men, an attitude he cannot understand.

Their meetings add piquancy to a book that introduces Dave and Frank to a horde of women, some interesting, some grand, some horrible.

It is a mammoth novel, with 75 chapters, 920 pages, of close print. Yet it does not sprawl.

With this third book Mr Jones adds to his reputation. It remains to be seen if he will survive success.

Now Mr Adlard Coles, one of our most able and modest yachtsmen, is doing the same for the west coast. This volume describes it with many photographs and charts from the Channel du Four to Lorient.

Have a look at this book. If your blood does not stir, you had better go to a doctor.

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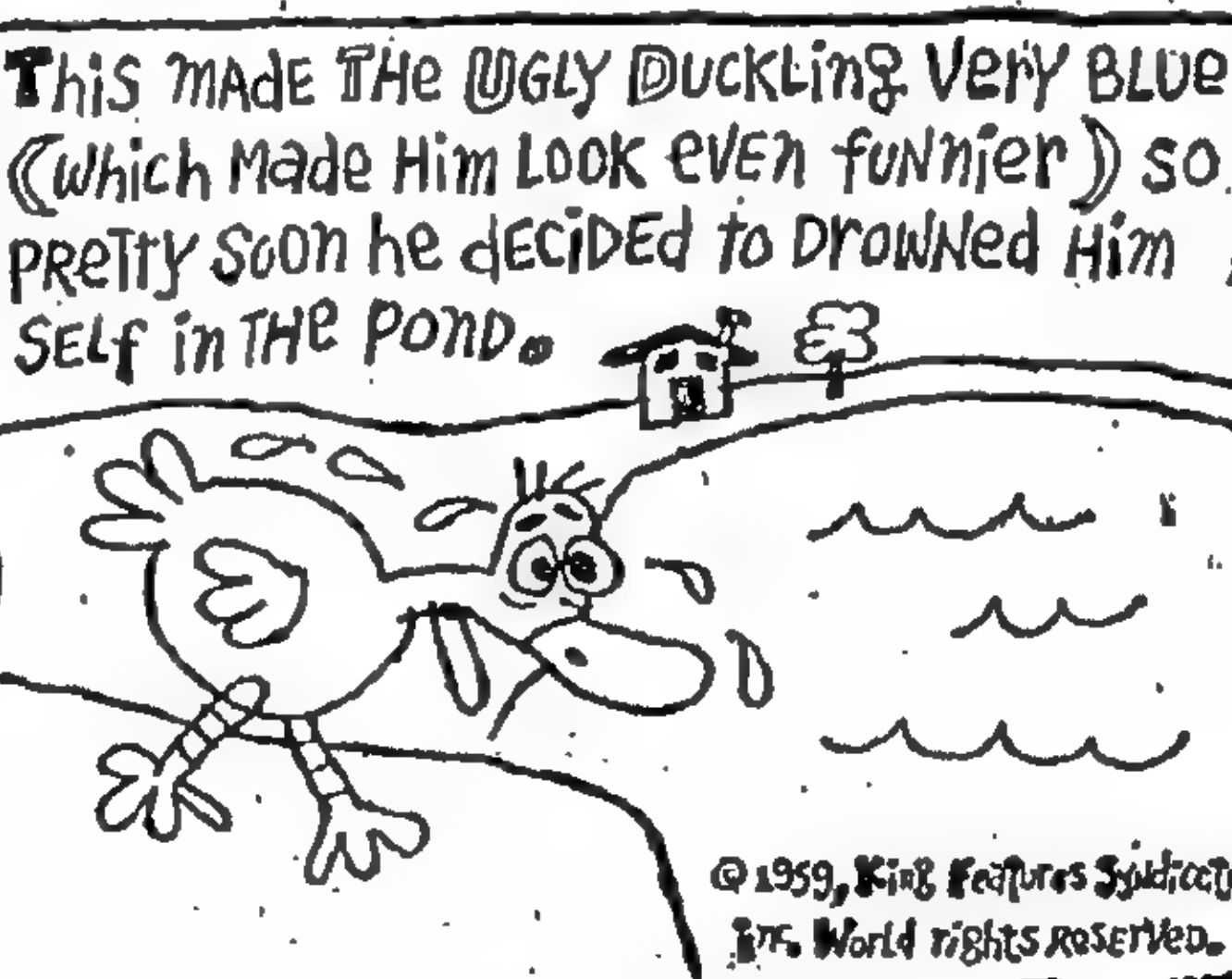
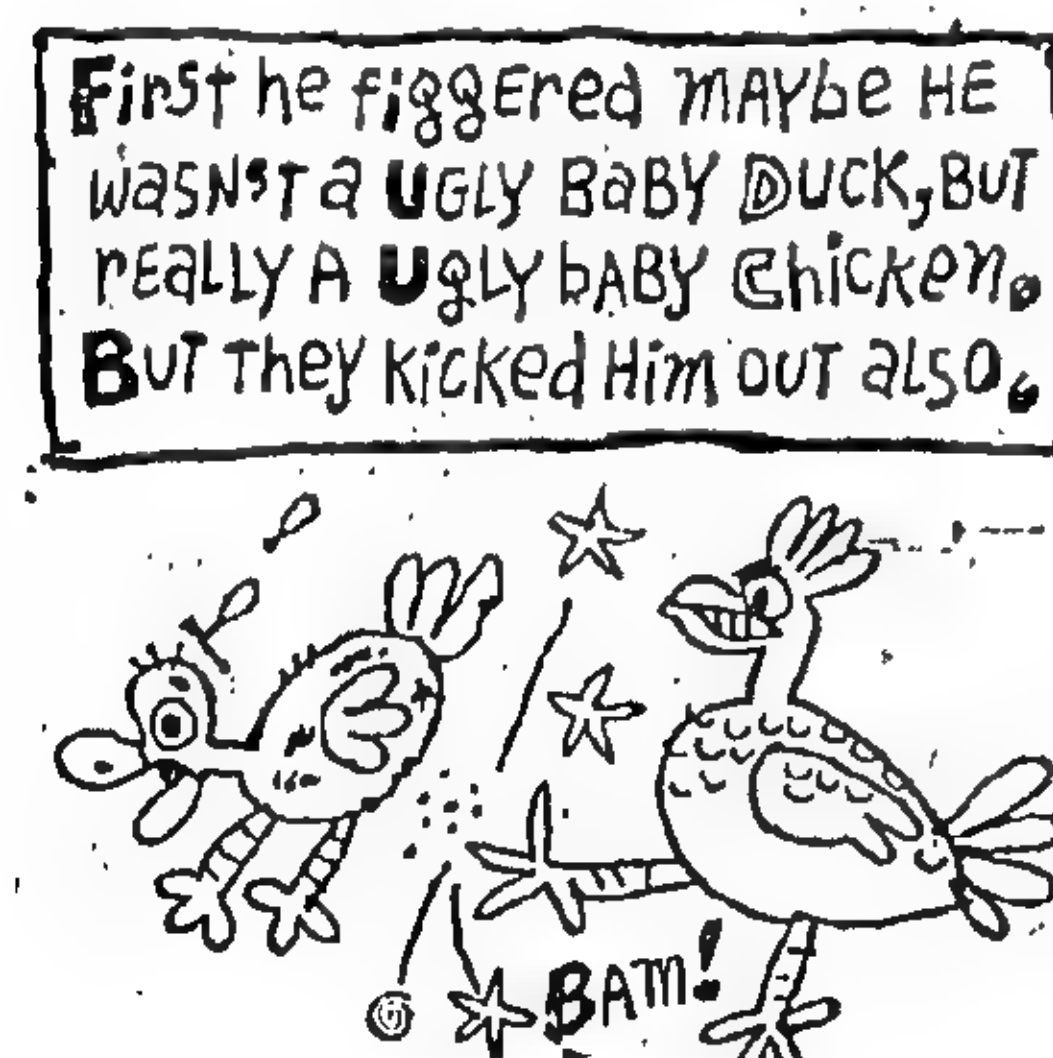
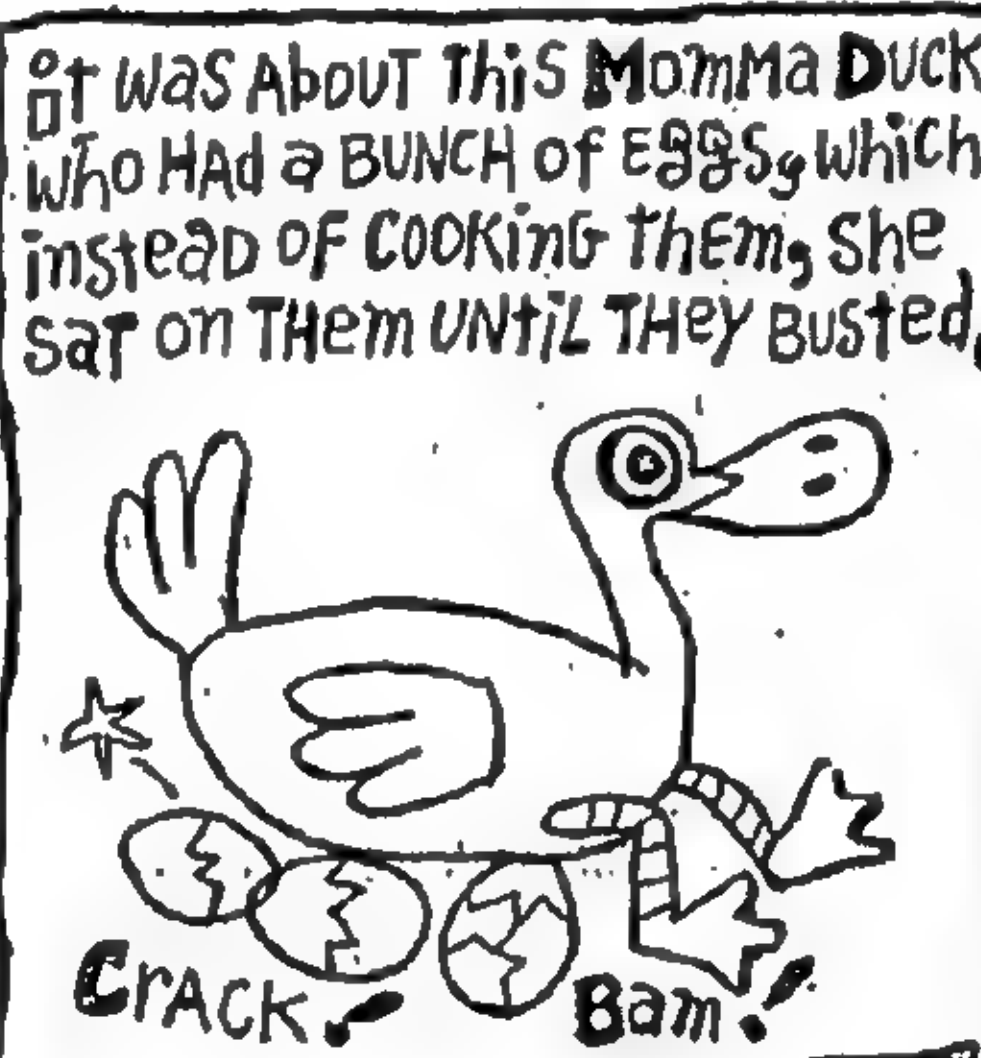
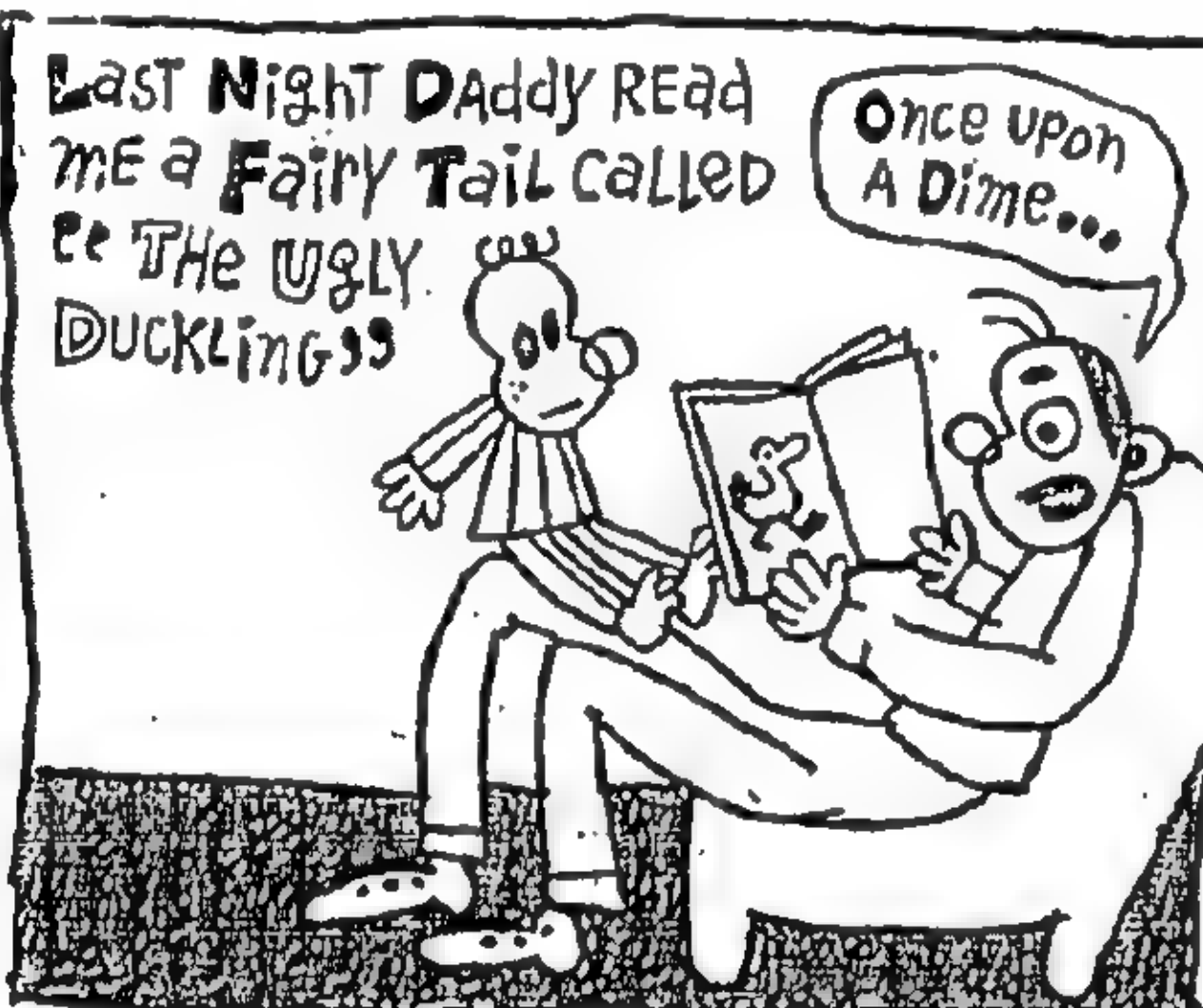
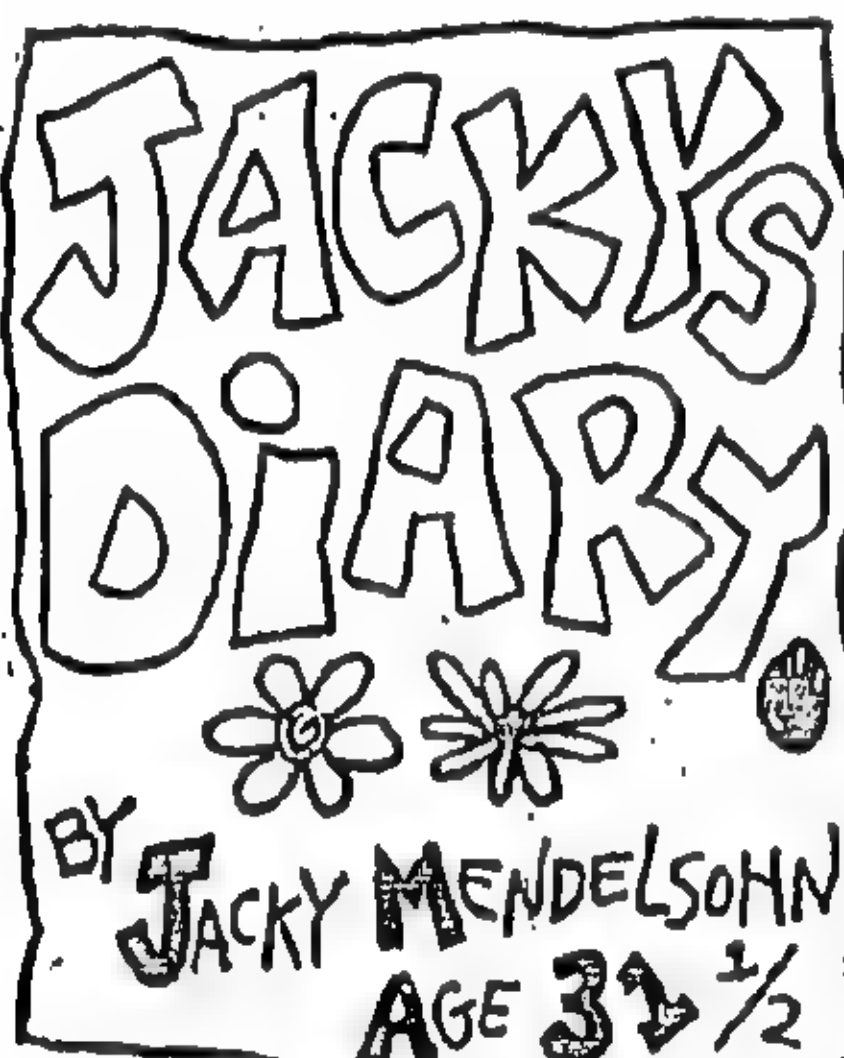
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THE MAGIC OF NORTHCLIFFE—IN THINGS HE SAID

Why draw policemen thin?

TO THE EDITOR OF ANSWERS: "Why do you allow your artists to draw thin policemen? Surely you are aware that the public prefers its police to be fat and kindly."

"I do not like luncheon engagements. I do not find that anything happens as a result of them."

"Some of these gentlemen (public school masters) might inquire why it is that one can go through British Colonies and find hundreds of their people occupying mental positions, and why men with businesses such as I have, while straining every nerve to use public school boys, rarely find more than 10 per cent of them any good."

"One of his rare appearances in the Daily Mirror office he noted with dissatisfaction that the reporters were 'unsuitably dressed.' He gave an instruction that any man applying for a salary increase should receive it only on condition that he undertook to buy a new suit."

"To the writer of a pamphlet for Americans, 'Explaining the British' (1918): 'All that cricket reference is nonsense. The national game of Great Britain is Association Football. Cricket was nearly dead before the war.'"

"To the Editor of The Times (February 1919): 'Your writer is mistaken in supposing

that strikes are against the State and that strikes are against years of ill-treatment by bad employers especially during war period."

"I will see as few people as possible, write as few letters as possible, do no work after 2 p.m. and start the day at 6.30 a.m."

"To the vice-president of the National Union of Journalists (1917): 'I am one of the few newspaper owners who have been through the mill of reporting, sub-editing and editing, and I have very vivid and resentful recollections of underpaid work for overpaid millionaires.'"

"I cannot accept Mr Churchill's view that Labour is incapable of governing. It is not govern worse than the dog."

"Politicians and newspapers and financiers and newspapers are best kept apart."

"BUSINESSMEN are old rapidly. I make a rule never to bring in anyone from outside over the age of 25."

"YES, journalism is a great game—and the stakes are human liberty."

(London Express Service).

Your Radio Listening For Next Week In Detail - A "China Mail" Feature

Today

- 12.30 p.m. COMPOSER CAVALCADE.
1.00 TIME SIGNAL.
1.15 WEATHER REPORT.
1.30 TIME SIGNAL.
1.45 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
2.00 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
2.15 MUSIC FROM THE WEEK.
2.30 THE BBC PRESENTS DAVID KOSOFF.
A series of events in the life of a dealer, today's story is "Second That Property".
2.45 KAVIER QUAGAT AND HIS ORCHESTRA.
2.55 "WE DANCE FOR YOU".
3.00 COMEDY CARAVAN.
3.15 DANCE ROUND-UP.
3.30 MUSIC FOR THE TIME.
3.45 UNITE REQUESTS.
3.55 "THE GOON SHOW".
4.00 (Repeat series).
4.15 "THE GOON SHOW".
4.30 "THE GOON SHOW".
4.45 (Repeat series).
4.55 ANNOUNCER'S CHOICE.
A program of choice, one of Radio Hong Kong's regular announcements, today's half hour of music.
Today's announcer, John Pirie.
5.00 REMINDER: REMINDER: REMINDER (Piano) with the BBC Reminders, conducted by Henry Woodhouse.
5.15 WEATHER REPORT.
5.30 TIME SIGNAL.
5.45 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
6.00 COMMENTARY.
6.15 THIS WEEK.
Introduced by Timothy Birch. Compiled and produced by Ted Thomas.
6.45 A KNIFE IN THE SUN.
A mystery thriller by Giles. With the new Glenn Miller Orchestra, conducted by Ray McKinley.
7.00 CLOSE DOWN.

Sunday

- 8.00 a.m. TIME SIGNAL.
8.15 WEATHER REPORT.
8.30 SUNDAY STRING-ONG.
8.45 WEATHER REPORT.
9.00 TIME SIGNAL.
9.15 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
9.30 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
9.45 MUSIC FROM THE WEEK.
10.00 COMMENTARY.
10.15 THIS WEEK.
Introduced by Timothy Birch. Compiled and produced by Ted Thomas.
10.45 A KNIFE IN THE SUN.
A mystery thriller by Giles. With the new Glenn Miller Orchestra, conducted by Ray McKinley.
11.00 CLOSE DOWN.

There Were Doubts About The First Elizabeth

Elizabeth Tudor made an unpropitious entry into the world: her legitimacy was doubted by many, and her mother, Anne Boleyn, was executed before Elizabeth was three years old. She grew up in seclusion and among dangers, but she was given good instructors for her education and was gifted enough to take the fullest advantage of their teaching.

Soon after her half sister, Mary, came to the throne, Elizabeth was committed to the Tower of London, the sinister building by the River Thames, part palace but more prison, where traitors were incarcerated and where her mother had been imprisoned and beheaded. But Mary reigned before long and for the rest of her short reign Elizabeth, though far from free to lead her own life, lived in great houses like Woodstock and Hampton Court, and spent much of her time in her sister's company. It was at this time that her great gift for winning people's hearts showed itself, for whenever she passed through London the people greeted her with demonstrations of joy and loyalty which became even more enthusiastic when she herself became Queen in 1558. Her dignity, her graciousness and the willingness she showed to hear and speak to even the least of her subjects increased the devotion of her people and she reigned, in her own words, with their love. This was her strength and the source of her greatness.

Nicolette Bernard heads a strong cast in the BBC's radio portrait of Queen Elizabeth the first on Monday night at 8.45. In compiling the programme Terence Tiller made use of accounts and letters from Elizabeth's courtiers, foreign envoys at her court, letters and poems, men of her household and so on. He produced it himself, with the advice of the historian Sir John Neale who is an expert on the Tudor period.

ANNOUNCER'S CHOICE
In the ordinary way an announcer's choice like Hobbes is strictly limited. True, he can let himself go from time to time over the choice of a "suitable interlude", when other programmes break down, but these occasions are rare and on the whole he has no alternative but to introduce whatever appears before him in the day's programme sheet, whether he likes it or not.

However, in the interests of the psychology and to thwart mounting frustration of their creative energies, Radio Hong

Kong is giving outlet to its announcers' bottled up taste and talent, and for the next few Saturdays, at seven o'clock, one at a time, they will each be given the freedom of the air for exactly half an hour to play what THEY like.

John Pirie's at the head of the queue, and if you want to learn something more about the Man behind the Mike, and what makes him tick we suggest you make a point of listening in tonight—and the following dozen or so Saturdays—at seven o'clock.

SWITZER
No one who has not seen him at work in Africa, Dr Albert Schweitzer has declared, can claim to know him well, and thus it is through the eyes of the men and women who have worked with him at his hospital at Lambaré, in French Equatorial Africa, that Wynn Knevel has chosen to portray this great man who is at once philosopher, theologian, musician and doctor. The result of her work is the radio programme which Radio Hong Kong is broadcasting tomorrow night at half past seven, and among those who have contributed their views of Schweitzer are Mrs. Clara Urquhart, a South African who for ten years has helped him with his paper work, Miss Trudi Boehmer, a Swiss who has charge of the labor colony at Lambaré, and a number of others whose work brings them into daily contact with him; and what they have to say creates a vivid impression of the Doctor and of Lambaré.

USTINOV'S OUTLOOK
Talking of Europeans, the fourth in the series of talks "The European Complex" at 8.15 next Friday is by the well-known actor and playwright Peter Ustinov—an internationalist by blood, temperament and theatrical line. Of Russian ancestry, he takes a keen interest in European affairs, and in this talk "The European Outlook"—he questions the view of Europe held by many Asians and Americans, and examines the nature of the challenges which faces Europe today.



David Kosoff is shown above in the character part of Matthew Soames, the antique dealer whose quiet tolerant humour helps him to be surprised at nothing. "So I'll Tell You" will be on the air this afternoon at 2.30.

Recently the newly formed Hong Kong Jazz Club held its first season at the Club Lushan, and Radio Hong Kong technicians were there to record almost three hours of jazz played by five of the colony's top bands. On Sunday at 4 p.m. Radio Hong Kong is broadcasting an edited version of the concert. The bands taking part in the recording are the Agony Quillette Quartet, the Adley Bola Trio, the Glencarlo Band, the Jericho Jazz Band, and the Larry 'After Space' as well as for his interpretation of the prisoner in John Mortimer's play "The Dock Brief", which won the Italia Prize for 1957 and was broadcast over Radio Hong Kong only last Monday.

Now he's the central character in a collection of four self-contained stories, the first of which goes on the air this afternoon at 2.30. Described as "a series of events in the life of a 'London dealer'", "So I'll Tell You" sees David Kosoff as the cold-tongued but endearing antique dealer Matthew Soames in a number of comic or sentimental situations. In these he is hindered as much as helped by his energetic desk-boy of an assistant, Mr. Catchpole—played by Jeffrey Segal.

MUSIC MAGAZINE
On Sunday morning at 12.15 we say good-bye to the present series of "Music Magazine", which has been compiled and produced by Alison Dekker. For this last programme Alison Dekker assembles some well-known musical names: Ernst Gottschalk gives his views on the Radio Hong Kong Studio Concerts, Ely Alvas talks about music for the violin, his own instrument, Barbara Cliff has something to say about the Gilbert and Sullivan light opera, and W. B. Foster and Father Sheridan also discuss the proceedings with a discussion on their own production of "The Mikado", which will take place in December.

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BBC Overseas Shortwave Programmes

(On 25.750 Mc/s. 11.95m; and 21.550 Mc/s. 13.92m)

SATURDAY, SEPT. 5

- 8.00 p.m. THE NEWS.
8.15 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
8.30 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
8.45 MUSIC FROM THE WEEK.
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9.00 (Repeat series).
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11.15 THIS WEEK.
Introduced by Timothy Birch. Compiled and produced by Ted Thomas.
11.45 A KNIFE IN THE SUN.
A mystery thriller by Giles. With the new Glenn Miller Orchestra, conducted by Ray McKinley.
12.00 CLOSE DOWN.

SUNDAY, SEPT. 6

- 8.00 p.m. THE NEWS.
8.15 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
8.30 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
8.45 MUSIC FROM THE WEEK.
8.55 "THE GOON SHOW".
9.00 (Repeat series).
9.15 "THE GOON SHOW".
9.30 "THE GOON SHOW".
9.45 (Repeat series).
9.55 ANNOUNCER'S CHOICE.
A program of choice, one of Radio Hong Kong's regular announcements, today's half hour of music.
Today's announcer, John Pirie.
10.00 REMINDER: REMINDER: REMINDER (Piano) with the BBC Reminders, conducted by Henry Woodhouse.
10.15 WEATHER REPORT.
10.30 TIME SIGNAL.
10.45 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
11.00 COMMENTARY.
11.15 THIS WEEK.
Introduced by Timothy Birch. Compiled and produced by Ted Thomas.
11.45 A KNIFE IN THE SUN.
A mystery thriller by Giles. With the new Glenn Miller Orchestra, conducted by Ray McKinley.
12.00 CLOSE DOWN.

MONDAY, SEPT. 7

- 8.00 p.m. THE NEWS.
8.15 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
8.30 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
8.45 MUSIC FROM THE WEEK.
8.55 "THE GOON SHOW".
9.00 (Repeat series).
9.15 "THE GOON SHOW".
9.30 "THE GOON SHOW".
9.45 (Repeat series).
9.55 ANNOUNCER'S CHOICE.
A program of choice, one of Radio Hong Kong's regular announcements, today's half hour of music.
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11.45 A KNIFE IN THE SUN.
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12.00 CLOSE DOWN.

TUESDAY, SEPT. 8

- 8.00 p.m. THE NEWS.
8.15 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
8.30 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
8.45 MUSIC FROM THE WEEK.
8.55 "THE GOON SHOW".
9.00 (Repeat series).
9.15 "THE GOON SHOW".
9.30 "THE GOON SHOW".
9.45 (Repeat series).
9.55 ANNOUNCER'S CHOICE.
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12.00 CLOSE DOWN.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 10

- 8.00 p.m. THE NEWS.
8.15 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
8.30 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
8.45 MUSIC FROM THE WEEK.
8.55 "THE GOON SHOW".
9.00 (Repeat series).
9.15 "THE GOON SHOW".
9.30 "THE GOON SHOW".
9.45 (Repeat series).
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12.00 CLOSE DOWN.

FRIDAY, SEPT. 11

- 8.00 p.m. THE NEWS.
8.15 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
8.30 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
8.45 MUSIC FROM THE WEEK.
8.55 "THE GOON SHOW".
9.00 (Repeat series).
9.15 "THE GOON SHOW".
9.30 "THE GOON SHOW".
9.45 (Repeat series).
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10.30 TIME SIGNAL.
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12.00 CLOSE DOWN.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 12

- 8.00 p.m. THE NEWS.
8.15 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
8.30 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
8.45 MUSIC FROM THE WEEK.
8.55 "THE GOON SHOW".
9.00 (Repeat series).
9.15 "THE GOON SHOW".
9.30 "THE GOON SHOW".
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SUNDAY, SEPT. 13

- 8.00 p.m. THE NEWS.
8.15 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
8.30 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
8.45 MUSIC FROM THE WEEK.
8.55 "THE GOON SHOW".
9.00 (Repeat series).
9.15 "THE GOON SHOW".
9.30 "THE GOON SHOW".
9.45 (Repeat series).
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12.00 CLOSE DOWN.

TUNE IN
to
Hong Kong Commercial Broadcasting
at 8.15 p.m.
every Monday & Wednesday
to
MUSIC FROM MOUTRIES
WE CALL YOU
and
you identify a simple tune
played by
John Wallace!
YOU WIN
a cash prize

The China Mail Presents A New Sports Series SPORT MADE THEIR FORTUNE

The "Peerless Pumper" Once Stole A Carrot For Food

By JOHN MELVIN

John Eric Longden once stole a carrot as his food supply for three days. Today, jockey Longden at 4 ft. 11 ins. is the smallest millionaire in the world.

He owns a 500-acre Nevada cattle ranch, a breeding farm in California, motels, a golf course and restaurant; has extensive investments in newspapers, Canadian ranches, oil and natural gas. His home is a \$75,000 ranch house with swimming pool in Arcadia, California.

But Longden had to serve his apprenticeship to fortune as a hobo, cigar-seller, printer's devil, cowboy, fairground Roman-rider and a 12 cents-an-hour coalminer.

He made his first million out of 13 Red Indians. Wherever possible, Longden worked with horses, and during this time he studied the art of riding.

First Winner

But jobs as a jockey were hard to find and even harder to keep. In 1927 Longden rode his first winner. The following year his boss swapped the future world champion for a second-rate horse.

Longden's contract fell into the hands of two bookies who planned to fix his races. So he jumped a freight train to Vancouver and found work as a Roman-rider in the fairgrounds.

It wasn't easy for short-legged Longden to stand astride two galloping horses. But he won a number of races, and twice broke a leg—in the process.

Backbone Fractured

Longden has earned every cent of it, a trail 104-pound body bears the scars of a hundred stitches; his backbone has been fractured; he has broken both legs, both arms, both collarbones, both feet and nearly all his ribs. It is a miracle that he is still alive.

For years doctors have wondered how the tiny, wrinkled Longden keeps going. He has the organic flabbiness of a middle-aged man, needs glasses; he has lost most of his teeth. After near-fatal falls he has again told his doctors that he has never ridden a horse since one bad spill would kill him.

Yet Longden stuck to his superhuman schedule, forcing himself into the saddle five or six times a day. First he wanted to become the first American jockey to ride 3,000 winners. That his Gordon Richards' world record of 4,870 winners. And after that he had to pass the 5,000 mark.

No one's friends relatives, doctors—could persuade him to quit. After one fall he was paralysed from the waist down for three weeks; after another he was unconscious for a fortnight. But he kept on riding, travelling as much as 25,000 miles in two months.

'A Way Of Life'

Millionaire Longden explains: "Hobbing is much more than a living to me. It is a way of life. And you hate to quit when you're on top, especially when you've had a long hard ride getting there."

And no sportsman had a tougher ride to the top than Longden. Until the age of 22, he never had as much as \$100 at a time. Often he was starving and homeless.

Johnny Longden was born at Alverthorpe, Wiltshire, about the year 1910. No one is certain of his age. The Methuselah of the Turf claims to be 48; friends calculate that he cannot be a day under 54. He looks nearer 60.

His father, Herbert Longden, was a coalminer. At 9½ he took his family to Canada when son John was two years old and went to work in the mines of Alberta.

At 14, Longden junior was crossing coal-truck wheels hundreds of feet beneath the earth's surface. For two years he worked ten hours daily for a dollar-and-a-quarter a day. He was lucky to get one square meal a week.

At 16, he left the mines and rounded the country in search of work. He slept in the open, rode the buggy, begged handouts. Once he drifted into Montana and spent the summer living in a tent with a family

of 13 Red Indians. Wherever possible, Longden worked with horses, and during this time he studied the art of riding.

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Cross-Country Golf Record



Britain won another world record recently—for long-distance golf—when professional Charlie Macey of Crowborough, Sussex, led a five-strong team in playing a ball from the first tee of his home course to the 18th hole at Eastbourne, 37 miles away. Eastbourne's president, Major Cyril Toller, had the honour of sinking the last putt (a three-iron) at 0.45 p.m., 10½ hours after Macey had driven off at dawn, to snatch the record, previously held at 30½ miles by America.

They played the hole across streams, over barbed wire, down high streets, over a level crossing. Their victory, however, wasn't perfect—they were down in 896, the Americans had only taken 780.

Photo shows 16-year-old John Bailey driving across a field during the marathon hole. Others, from left to right are: Charlie Macey (with a surveyor's measuring wheel), David Wilde (14 and scores), Kevin Macey (15) Jock Donald and Fred Crittall—London Express Photo.

HENRY LONGHURST on GOLF

UNLAP GRIPPER

I was interested to note the victory of Bob Rosburg, who has not been seen in Britain yet, in the championship of the American Professional Golfers Association.

Last year he won the Vardon Trophy with an average of 70.11 without winning a single tournament, which seems incredible—like averaging the same number at cricket with out ever scoring a century—and this year he was nosed out of first place by a single stroke in the U.S. Open.

In a style of writing much favoured on the other side, Rosburg is described as the "hockey grip" from Palo Alto, California, and herein lies the clue to the special interest in his victory.

The Popular Grip

All good golf books—including mine, which was written with innocent confidence years ago and contains, I add with a hollow mocking laugh, a chapter on How To Cure A Slice—starts with a chapter on The Grip, and nearly all come down in favour of the overlapping variety known as the Vardon grip, though the great man did not in fact invent it.

The interlocking, favoured among others by Gene Sarazen, with the little finger of the right hand curving round and under the forefinger of the left.

A bad third in the simple straightforward variety which everyone instinctively adopts as a beginner, catching hold of the club in the ordinary way with every finger of both hands.

This was used to great effect by those great hitters, Abe Mitchell and Cyril Tooley. But it has never been really fashionable, largely, I suspect, because we, minor fry, felt we might be thought incapable of mastering either of the others.

Now I seem to sense a return to popularity of this simple "unlap" or, as it is sometimes called, baseball grip.

'Unlap' Exponents

Dal Rees gets along very well with it. Henry Cotton uses it nowadays more often than not and recommends those who are not as young as they were to return to it. Now not only the American professional champion uses it but so does Art Wall, who in the two years since we last saw him playing inconspicuously in the Ryder Cup match at Lindrick, has won the Masters Tournament and been

"Everything now falls into place," he says. "Your children, the old lady, my own vast improvement since I changed over (it takes a month or two) and finally the success of the mallet-

putters. Any success achieved by these diabolical weapons is due, in my opinion, not to their shape but simply to the fact that their users hold them with their hands well apart."

In the recent past I have been making surreptitious experiments with this "sensational development" and have become completely convinced that in what might in all fairness be christened the Portmarnock method my correspondent has "got something."

My own performance has certainly improved but what has really impressed me is the undoubted negative advantage of his method in that it really does prevent the grosser forms of idiosyncrasy, to which so many of us are prone, on the putting green.

The Russ Conway

These include what are graphically and imaginatively described by some of the younger professionals, notably Peter Alliss, as the Russ Conway and the Semprini, after the television entertainers of those names. Mr Russ Conway, who is given to passing his right hand rapidly over the left in playing the piano, represents the quick hook. Mr Semprini, a more smooth performer in his stands, I hope it is not libellous to say, for the one which fades away to the right.

It is not uncharitable to reveal that many eminent personages in golf have been faced, through what is commonly known as "the twitch," with the alternative of playing the game croquet-fashion or giving it up altogether. To them, or rather to us, I say that I believe—I repeat, so help me, I believe—that the Portmarnock method virtually eliminates the twitch and that with it, if faced with a yard putt to tie for the Open, I could at any rate make some sort of stroke at the ball.

If this is so, the inventor deserves to be knighted.

Lawn Bowls League Officially Ends This Afternoon

By ROBERT TAY

With the exception of four postponed matches, the Colony lawn bowls league comes to its close with today's programme.

Already decided are the first and second division titles, which were won by Indian Recreation Club "A" and Hongkong Football Club, respectively, last Saturday.

Kowloon Dock Club are already sure of the first division runner-up position, and Indian Recreation "B" are left now with no choice but to go down to the second division next year.

The remaining matches will be fought out to decide the third division champions and runners-up and the team which is to be relegated from the second to the third division.

Close Finish

The race for the third division title is now reaching a close and exciting finish with three teams full points from this match, to consolidate their position at the top of the league table, but fourth-placed Stanley Club are not a team to beat easily. A closely-fought out game is expected with the footballers favoured for a 4-1 win.

Hongkong Electric Club, who are standing third at the moment, four points behind the Football Club have three more matches to go and mathematically stand the best chance of winning the title.

Today's second division games will decide the team to be relegated next year. This will be either KCC or PRC "B" depending on the results of their games today. At the moment, PRC "B" are right at the bottom with 20½ points, and seem unlikely to get out of that place, as their opponents will be second-placed Cranageover. KCC, who are only 2½ points ahead, will, however, also have strong opponents in USRC but may just be able to escape relegation.

ENGLISH HURDLER 'SENT TO COVENTRY' AFTER RAW DEAL PROTEST

By HARRY CARPENTER

London. Hurdler Peter Hildreth, Britain's senior international athlete, and chairman of the progressive International Athletes' Club, has been "sent to Coventry" by officials.

The staff at the joint London office of the Amateur Athletic Association and British Amateur Athletic Board have been instructed not to answer phone calls from the 31-year-old Guy's Hospital administrator, who ran for Britain in the last two Olympics.

Two weeks ago bespectacled Hildreth normally soft-spoken and mild-mannered, was involved in a bitter row on the phone with British Board secretary Jack Crump. "I rang him to express my disappointment at being left out of the British team to tour Russia and Finland," I told Hildreth.

"Last week I received a letter from Mr Crump," Hildreth wrote.

"Dear Hildreth: Following our telephone conversation earlier this week, I have given instructions at the AAA and BAAAB offices that any inquiry from you is not to be dealt with on the telephone, but you are to be instructed to send in any request for information to the office addressed to either Mr

On Grass "So I asked if the selectors would consider my race at Edinburgh last week. Again, I was promised they would."

"This time I did 14.5 secs against the wind and on grass. Again, it was ignored."

Later at Chiswick, Hildreth turned in yet another 14.5 secs, without even using starting blocks.

England left behind not only her No. 1 coach, but also her best hurdler when the British athletes set off on this prestige tour on Thursday.

Sports Diary

TO-DAY

Ladies' League Div. One: USRC v C.C.C. "A"; PRC v KCC; C.C.C. v T.C.

Men's First Division: C.C.C. v T.C.; KCC v KRC; T.C. v KRC.

Men's Second Division: PRC "B" v C.C.C. "A"; USRC v KCC.

Third Division: KCC v USRC; KRC v C.C.C. "A"; T.C. v C.C.C.

Fourth Division: KCC v USRC; KRC v C.C.C. "A"; T.C. v C.C.C.

Fifth Division: KCC v USRC; KRC v C.C.C. "A"; T.C. v C.C.C.

Sixth Division: KCC v USRC; KRC v C.C.C. "A"; T.C. v C.C.C.

Seventh Division: KCC v USRC; KRC v C.C.C. "A"; T.C. v C.C.C.

Eighth Division: KCC v USRC; KRC v C.C.C. "A"; T.C. v C.C.C.

Ninth Division: KCC v USRC; KRC v C.C.C. "A"; T.C. v C.C.C.

Tenth Division: KCC v USRC; KRC v C.C.C. "A"; T.C. v C.C.C.

Eleventh Division: KCC v USRC; KRC v C.C.C. "A"; T.C. v C.C.C.

Twelfth Division: KCC v USRC; KRC v C.C.C. "A"; T.C. v C.C.C.

Thirteenth Division: KCC v USRC; KRC v C.C.C. "A"; T.C. v C.C.C.

Fourteenth Division: KCC v USRC; KRC v C.C.C. "A"; T.C. v C.C.C.

Fifteenth Division: KCC v USRC; KRC v C.C.C. "A"; T.C. v C.C.C.

Sixteenth Division: KCC v USRC; KRC v C.C.C. "A"; T.C. v C.C.C.

Seventeenth Division: KCC v USRC; KRC v C.C.C. "A"; T.C. v C.C.C.

Eighteenth Division: KCC v USRC; KRC v C.C.C. "A"; T.C. v C.C.C.

Nineteenth Division: KCC v USRC; KRC v C.C.C. "A"; T.C. v C.C.C.

Twentieth Division: KCC v USRC; KRC v C.C.C. "A"; T.C. v C.C.C.

Twenty-first Division: KCC v USRC; KRC v C.C.C. "A"; T.C. v C.C.C.

Twenty-second Division: KCC v USRC; KRC v C.C.C. "A"; T.C. v C.C.C.

Twenty-third Division: KCC v USRC; KRC v C.C.C. "A"; T.C. v C.C.C.

Twenty-fourth Division: KCC v USRC; KRC v C.C.C. "A"; T.C. v C.C.C.

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Twenty-seventh Division: KCC v USRC; KRC v C.C.C. "A"; T.C. v C.C.C.

Twenty-eighth Division: KCC v USRC; KRC v C.C.C. "A"; T.C. v C.C.C.

Twenty-ninth Division: KCC v USRC; KRC v C.C.C. "A"; T.C. v C.C.C.

Thirtieth Division: KCC v USRC; KRC v C.C.C. "A"; T.C. v C.C.C.

Thirty-first Division: KCC v USRC; KRC v C.C.C. "A"; T.C. v C.C.C.

Thirty-second Division: KCC v USRC; KRC v C.C.C. "A"; T.C. v C.C.C.

Thirty-third Division: KCC v USRC; KRC v C.C.C. "A"; T.C. v C.C.C.

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Thirty-ninth Division: KCC v USRC; KRC v C.C.C. "A"; T.C. v C.C.C.

Fortieth Division: KCC v USRC; KRC v C.C.C. "A"; T.C. v C.C.C.

Forty-first Division: KCC v USRC; KRC v C.C.C. "A"; T.C. v C.C.C.

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Fifty-ninth Division: KCC v USRC; KRC v C.C.C. "A"; T.C. v C.C.C.

Sixtieth Division: KCC v USRC; KRC v C.C.C. "A"; T.C. v C.C.C.

Sixty-first Division: KCC v USRC; KRC v C.C.C. "A"; T.C. v C.C.C.

Sixty-second Division: KCC v USRC; KRC v C.C.C. "A"; T.C. v C.C.C.

Sixty-third Division: KCC v USRC; KRC v C.C.C. "A"; T.C. v C.C.C.

Sixty-fourth Division: KCC v USRC; KRC v C.C.C. "A"; T.C. v C.C.C.

Sixty-fifth Division: KCC v USRC; KRC v C.C.C. "A"; T.C. v C.C.C.

Sixty-sixth Division: KCC v USRC; KRC v C.C.C. "A"; T.C. v C.C.C.

Sixty-seventh Division: KCC v USRC; KRC v C.C.C. "A"; T.C. v C.C.C.

Sixty-eighth Division: KCC v USRC; KRC v C.C.C. "A"; T.C. v C.C.C.

Sixty-ninth Division: KCC v USRC; KRC v C.C.C. "A"; T.C. v C.C.C.

Seventieth Division: KCC v USRC; KRC v C.C.C. "A"; T.C. v C.C.C.

Seventy-first Division: KCC v USRC; KRC v C.C.C. "A"; T.C. v C.C.C.

Seventy-second Division: KCC v USRC; KRC v C.C.C. "A"; T.C. v C.C.C.

Seventy-third Division: KCC v USRC; KRC v C.C.C. "A"; T.C. v C.C.C.

Seventy-fourth Division: KCC v USRC; KRC v C.C.C. "A"; T.C. v C.C.C.

Seventy-fifth Division: KCC v USRC; KRC v C.C.C. "A"; T.C. v C.C.C.

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Seventy-eighth Division: KCC v USRC; KRC v C.C.C. "A"; T.C. v C.C.C.

Seventy-ninth Division: KCC v USRC; KRC v C.C.C. "A"; T.C. v C.C.C.

Eightieth Division: KCC v USRC; KRC v C.C.C. "A"; T.C. v C.C.C.

Eighty-first Division: KCC v USRC; KRC v C.C.C. "A"; T.C. v C.C.C.

Eighty-second Division: KCC v USRC; KRC v C.C.C. "A"; T.C. v C.C.C.

SATURDAY SPORTS SPOT IRC Prove Themselves Worthy Lawn Bowls League Champions

By I. M. MACTAVISH

In many parts of the world today soccer is really big business and I cannot do better than start my column this week with a delightful story — almost certainly fictitious — about a recent applicant for the job of manager of one of England's leading teams.

After a long process of elimination a former star found himself the selected candidate and he was a very proud man as he was called for a private meeting with the club chairman.

It was with deflated ego he left the boardroom a few short minutes afterwards on completion of a brief but important interview by the head of the board.

He had said "In looking through the various pieces of correspondence we have had with you I notice with regret that we did not inform you of the club's motto which reads 'If at first you don't succeed... YOU'RE FIRED'... Good afternoon."

★ ★ ★
Lawn Bowls holds a very special place in the affections of the Hongkong sporting public. Many visitors are surprised at the importance which is accorded to what is often erroneously called 'an old man's game'.

Last Saturday I had the pleasure of seeing the competitive aspect of the game exploited with determination and relentless concentration yet with a fine sense of good sportsmanship and fairplay that spoke volumes for the qualities of the men who week in and week out in our hot humid summer roll their woods in the Colony's excellent Lawn Bowls League.

My enjoyment last Saturday centred on the needle match between the strong Indian Recreation Club team and those grand sportsmen from Kowloon Docks.

What A Game!

What a game this turned out to be. At the half way stage both teams were more than satisfied with the virtual equality of the situation. Both sides had played like respective champions and it had been a reckless pass-out who would have forecast victory for either team.

Maybe it was the curly puffs maybe it was the traditional Indian hospitality maybe it was the rub of the green or better staying power but when play was resumed after the tea interval it was the Indians who steadily forged ahead. Consistency and endurance are the vital essentials of all who aspire to league championship standard and in these important qualities it was the Indian Recreation Club boys who were superior.

Hassan played like the internationalist he is and a five at a crucial stage gave not only his own rink but his whole team the stimulant they needed. From that moment the Indians never really looked back and in the end they triumphed — albeit narrowly — on all three rinks to ensure that the 1959 Championship trophy would rest worthily on their sideboard.

Quite apart from the excellent sportsmanship and skill which both sides displayed I left this memorable match with two special memories. The first was of the foresight and wisdom of the IRC selectors in introducing young players to their senior team.

GILCHRIST IS A MENACE

By ALEX BANNISTER

London.

As a protest against the tactics of Roy Gilchrist, the West Indies Test howling express, Bill Lawton, captain of Oldham, declared his side's innings closed at 21 for two wickets, with two hours left for play last week, and conceded the Central Lancashire League match to Middleton, who had made 178.

The crowd swarmed round the pavilion in uproar.

A day after Lawton, husband of actress Dora Bryan, told me why he took this sensational step, which was supported by his team and committee.

Bouncer Start

"Three of the five batsmen who had been to the crease were hit," he told me. "One of those hurt was a 15-year-old boy. Gilchrist's opening ball was a bouncer, and then followed his usual assortment."

"Umpires are empowered to stop this sort of thing, but if they don't, someone has got to make a protest."

"I am convinced that he will kill some poor batsman one of these days. In my opinion he

This is both a wise and profitable policy and the club will reap the real benefit in the years to come.

The second memory concerned one of the greatest shots I have ever had the pleasure of seeing on a bowling green. It was the sort of effort that had friends, foes and impartial observers clapping in spontaneous appreciation.

Magnificent Effort

The shot was played by Arnold Elliot at a time when failure would have finished the game. As he stepped up to roll the last wood of the head he was faced with the position that his immediate opponent—M. B. Hassan—lay five and maybe even six shots. To an inexperienced observer like me there seemed little or no salvation for the dockmen and if I am any judge of individual reactions, Elliot's front men held out little hope for his final effort.

Hassan and his mates had done a pretty thorough job of sewing up the situation... but all of them, that is front men, opponents, and spectators had counted without the sure eye and steady arm of the KDC skip.

With uncanny skill, and with that little bit of good fortune which favours the brave, Elliot somehow contrived to twist and bend his wood through an apparently impossible succession of 'ports' to score the very first shot.

It was a magnificent effort, a shot fit to win a championship. But just as one swallow has never made a summer, so one shot even as great as this one was not enough to set his rink or his team through to victory. The Indians were rightly jubilant about their victory. They had had a fine season. The Colony has had no more worthy champions than the men — and boys — from Sookunpo.

Best Wishes

A few weeks ago I congratulated the Hongkong Softball Association on the enterprise it displayed in sending its ladies representative team to Taiwan.

The tourists have now returned and the success of their venture has been given wide publicity both in the press and through the medium of sound broadcasting and television.

Now another group of ladies have sailed forth from the Colony to compete in even greater international laurels and the best wishes of our entire sporting community will go out to the Hongkong Uber Cup team in their current visit to Malaysia.

Versatile Helen Kwong heads a group of young ladies who lack nothing in ambition or determination and, while the experts seem to give them little chance of success against the powerful and experienced Malaysian team, we know enough about our representatives to believe that they will not be beaten easily if they are beaten at all.

The Hongkong Badminton Association deserves nothing but praise for its endeavours to see the Colony's name in its rightful place in the international limelight.

The mission to Malaya is an expensive one and only those who have been privileged to peep behind the scenes can appreciate how much effort had to go into the gathering together of the necessary cash. To an organization like the Hongkong Badminton Association \$7,000 is a princely sum and the fact that it has been raised, and the fact that the team is now in Malaya, is indeed a royal performance by the people behind the scenes.

We must wait now and see if our on-the-court exponents can set the right kind of victory seal on the whole affair.

Before the Hongkong soccer party left the Colony to play in Malaya it was the general opinion of people close to the team that we had been fortunate in being drawn in an "easy" section of the annual Merdeka tournament.

Maybe from a moral point of view it would have been better if our representatives had gone overseas in the knowledge that they would have to tackle the 'big guns' in the competition for it must have come as a great surprise to local football followers to hear that a very strong Hongkong side failed to overcome Japan at the first attempt.

Our boys eventually disposed of the Japanese opposition in the relay but when one remembers the relative strengths of the two teams when they met in Hongkong not very long ago it is difficult to account for the near failure of our team in Malaya.

HK Standard Down?

According to many press reports most of the glory of the first encounter went to our opponents and one can only wonder if our standard has slipped alarmingly or whether Japan has made astonishing progress.

It would be wrong to put too much weight on a single game but if Japan had succeeded in eliminating us—as they very nearly did—there would have been plenty of Hongkong soul-searching to have been done.

The Merdeka competition is becoming an excellent barometer of Far East football. It is a well-organized affair and the 1959 edition has indicated a subtle levelling out of standards. Korea, like Hongkong, has found things this year just a bit harder and tougher than before. The struggle for soccer supremacy in this part of the world is becoming a most interesting one.

Fast reputations nowadays count for very little. The only thing that matters is victory on the field of play and once any of the so-called big names start missing out on that vital essential they start falling to justify their position.

International eminence is best achieved, and prepared for, by regular matches against foreign opposition.

The HKFA has shown a real appreciation of this and the efforts they are making to bring attractive visitors to our midst during the incoming season should help our players to put an even sharper edge on their climb back to a more prominent place in Far East football. We have been in the doldrums long enough. Our latest temper-tarnished defeat by Japan shows we still have much work to do.

★ ★ ★
... and finally a reminder for boxing fans. The big show in connection with the Centenary of the Army Physical Training Corps takes place at the King George's Hall, Mission to Seamen next Saturday evening.

The organizers are reported to have built up a really attractive programme featuring many of the best Services boxers in the Far East.

This promises to be excellent sporting entertainment and if you have not yet got a ticket you may still be lucky if you contact the D.O.P.T. at Land Forces Headquarters. Its telephone number is 3111. Extension 408. In pugilistic parlance the show gives every indication of being a proper knock-out.

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